F O R U M

and Century

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All Aboard

Editorial Foreword

THREE YEARS AGO, in THE FORUM for February, 1936, we made an editorial "Appeal to the Manufacturers" to take recovery into their own hands and to volunteer to the government to bring business and employment back to normal.

At that time we censured the National Association of Manufacturers, our nearest national approach to an employers' union, for a platform pervaded by truculence and obstructionism, a platform of negation that placed the entire blame for our economic woes on the interference of government with private business.

In place of this unconstructive program the Editor of THE FORUM proposed that the National Association of Manufacturers make the following proposal to the President and Congress of the United States:

> Believing in personal initiative as the basis of the American System, we 1,500 manufacturers, representing 15,000,000 persons now gainfully employed, offer individually and collectively to relieve the federal government by employing an additional 5,000,000 persons now unemployed. For every 3 persons whom we now employ we will find occupation for 1 other. As the success of our businesses depends on efficient personnel and the introduction of laborsaving devices, we do not guarantee to set all these 5,000,000 to work in manufacturing. Many of them we shall employ in the medical, health, amusement, laboratory, and other so-called social services connected with our factories. We believe that in the end this will be no burden to us, as the higher standards of living demanded by our employees will stimulate their consuming power and increase production.

The three years have brought a great change in the attitude of the National Association of Manufacturers. In 1938 the Manufacturers chose for their President one of the most enlightened businessmen in the United States, Mr. Charles R. Hook, President of the American Rolling Mill Company. Mr. Hook's address to the last Congress of American Industry — "Making America Click" — recognizes alike the mistakes of business, labor, agriculture, and government. He calls for good will and co-operation all around and for business to resume its leadership so vigorously that government can again retire from its uncomfortable job of manager to its normal job of umpire.

Last year Mr. Hook was a member of the commission sent by the President to England and Sweden to study labor unions, returning with many constructive suggestions. His "Industrial Program for American Progress" now contains the bold-faced axiom that "America's progress depends upon a united effort of industry, commerce, agriculture, and labor in co-operation with government."

One result of this new attitude is that business is getting a fairer hearing in Washington. The monopoly investigation has so far proceeded on a generally high level of good-tempered intelligence. Congress shows a willingness

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to amend excesses in recent legislation, when experience proves that they regulate industry too severely. The TVA makes a fair bid for the purchase of private utilities in its territory. And our energetic new Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, offers his undivided co-operation with business.

Since 1929, there has been a tremendous change in the mood of our people. A passion for security has taken the place of speculation — a passion for security from unemployment, from unnecessary disease, from misinformation, and from crime and crookedness in high places as well as the menace of the underworld. This national sit-down strike of the consumer for security has resulted in vast legislative enactments and expenditures. We have insured bank deposits, employment, and old age and are about to underwrite the public health. Business practices have been disciplined, labor unions expanded, decent hours and pay enforced. Kidnaping has become a perilous profession, and financial criminals are suicides or behind the bars. Meanwhile legitimate enterprise has merely paused in its stride in order to gain time to secure security.

It has taken business executives, long accustomed to speed and production and huge profits, several years to comprehend this change of mood on the part of the public. They have naturally been aghast at the variety of new laws designed to improve and to regulate business practice. They have been incensed by the piling up of taxes that ate into their profits. Instead of rising above the new difficulties, too many businessmen have used up their energies in apoplectic denunciation of the government and have sat down on their jobs as completely as did striking labor in the automobile factories.

The reason that Sweden, with more radical social legislation than that of our New Deal, has weathered economic storms is not because she is a small country. The success of Sweden in combining reform with recovery is owing to the reasonableness of her conservatives and the social intelligence of her captains of industry. Swedish businessmen readjust their production to the social demands of the consumer and continue to produce, with sharper technical keenness and enterprise, to the utmost allowed them by the new limitations of humane legislation.

Take as an example a certain large industrialist in Sweden, a man responsible for several factories and for ships on several seas. This year, despite the threat of war, he is putting millions into new equipment. Taxes now take much more than half his profits. He estimates that with his new installations he will have to pay the bulk of his profits to government. Naturally, he is irked by this handicap on his risk and enterprise. Yet he goes ahead. He must feel some compensation in the general prosperity, the sense of internal security, the public health of his nation. And he has the personal satisfaction of doing a brilliant piece of work, in the face of new difficulties.

In these past ten years there have been many American businessmen who have never allowed political truculence to restrain their initiative. A celebrated case in point is that of the Du Ponts in Delaware. Some members of that able family spend half their time studying the new tax problems. But they carry on vigorously. Their laboratories are like universities. The minute one of their products becomes obsolete, they are prepared to commercialize new discoveries. Occasionally they protest but they never whine or whimper. *Les affaires sont les affaires*. Enterprise always finds a way in the state of Delaware.

Recovery Now

TODAY THE GREAT MAJORITY of our businessmen have accustomed themselves to the change in the American social climate. This is apparent now in their ready adjustment to the new wage-and-hour legislation. Commissioner Andrews, who directs the application of this act, has a much pleasanter job in Washington than he anticipated.

Reform is an accomplished fact. Now let us have recovery. We have cleaned our national house of much malpractice and confusion. The stage is set for true co-operation of business with government and wholehearted national recovery. The new Secretary of Commerce has offered business more than an olive branch — his own earnest right hand. Let businessmen meet government more than halfway.

The signal for all of us is *all aboard for recovery*.

Henry Goddard Leach

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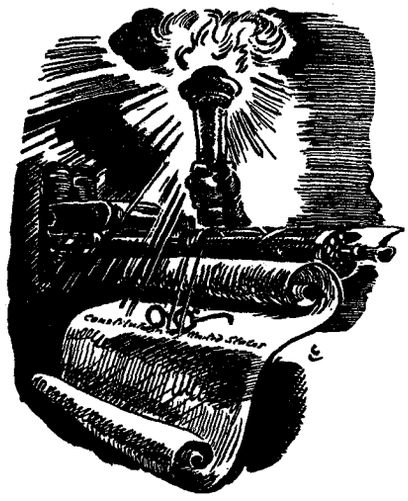
The Confused Liberal



by **STRUTHERS BURT**

HE WAS AN OLD FRIEND of mine, a successful businessman. We were having dinner together on a train and had been discussing the affairs of the world.

"But," he concluded — and suddenly I was uncomfortable for I knew what he was going to say — "don't mistake me. In a certain way I admire Hitler. Whatever you may think, he's done a grand job in Germany."

He paused and was a trifle hesitant. I suppose it had occurred to him that possibly Hitler hadn't done quite so good a job for the Czechs and humanity as a whole.

I looked out of the window at the dark and hurrying night. It didn't seem worth while to continue the discussion. I realized that within a month I had heard perhaps a dozen men say the same thing — nice fellows, successful, kind and honest Americans.

For a moment then I felt helpless and depressed.

And there was an odd and sinister coincidence. Invariably these men were of a type. In one breath, they admired a foreign dictator; in the next, they deprecated and dreaded all American attempts at reform and economic and social order — lest these bring dictatorship in their train. For years they had been crying aloud about individualism and personal initiative and now they were admiring Hitler. It didn't hang together. There was a bright and bloodless illogic about it that indicated at the back of their minds an idea they did not dare formulate even to themselves.

America is by no means yet ready — and there is little chance that she will ever be — for the man who says frankly: "I do not care about human suffering; I do not care about the freedom of the mind; I do not care about injustice and brutality, so long as my dividends and influence remain."

And there is a further illogic and ignorance and stupidity. No man under a dictatorship is free, not even the *führer*. All men under a dictatorship are slaves to an idea fanatical and limiting, and no one suffers more than the upper classes and the businessmen. As is so often the case today, I felt myself in a world in which the standards of Alice in Wonderland had been accepted at their face value, in which black was white, and in which madness was invoked in the name of reason.

Presently my friend left me, and I went forward to the lounge car to smoke.

II

WHATEVER ELSE was obvious in these dark and muddy times, it was clear that never since he had first emerged as a member of a respectable and accredited political system had the liberal, the democrat — the terms are synonymous — been more called on to assess himself and his beliefs, to rid himself of nonsense and the accretions of the decades, to get

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down to bedrock, to dig back to the stark and simple beginnings, to have done with catchwords — both those he had invented himself and those that had been wished on him. For never since he first emerged as a member of an accredited political system had the liberal, the democrat lived in graver danger. Within a year he had seen two great centers of liberalism go down. Within the year he had seen the steady growth of powers whose every word, act, and belief were derisions of his faith. And before this advance he had seen some of the great outposts of democracy capitulate, at least for the time being, and even begin to show tendencies toward accepting various tenets of their former enemies.

It was a black day for the liberal, and at night he dreamed restlessly of cruelty, injustice, and unreason.

Like the gray mist of poison gas, the philosophy of force and of organized and disciplined mobs was blowing across the world, seeping up to the very shores of those countries where intellectual sunlight and humane intention still existed. And, of all the sinister phenomena, perhaps the most sinister was the number of men and women like my friend, innocent man that he is, who, though of democratic tradition, environment, and advantages, through ignorance, weakness, carelessness, or twisted and unthought-out selfishness found themselves approving the careers of the modern Attilas.

You can do something about malice. It is difficult to combat the intangibility of folly.

If democracy goes down (I thought) and we have another Dark Age based on the fearsome and incalculable Frankenstein monsters of communication and chemistry, it will not be because of the barbarians before our gates, not even because of deliberate treachery within our walls, but because of unwitting betrayal by men and women who first, unwittingly and ignorantly, have betrayed themselves.

If you are a democrat, if you are a liberal, if you are a real American, under no possible form of reasoning can Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin or the Mikado or Franco or any of the rest of them seem to you to be "doing a good job" — not even in their own countries. The issues are too clear-cut, the disagreement too fundamental, the values involved too irreconcilable.

The greater apes "do good work," from a simian point of view, when they devastate some African shamba, but the simian point of view and the human point of view are so different that man descends when he commends the works of the former, even if for a moment the devastation seems orderly and efficient. Nor is the excuse of supposed order, internal or external, good enough even if it truly exists. Death, when the undertaker gets through with it, looks peaceful, but it is nonetheless death.

That was what I thought as I sat there smoking and then suddenly I realized that I, too, although in a different fashion, was betraying myself and my beliefs.

Fear is the companion of most danger and the whisperer of defeat. And fear is the mistress of cruelty and intolerance.

Now that for almost five hundred years most men had had some chance to know the truth, it was not the born autocrats who made dictatorships but the wearied and dismayed and supine liberals. Those were the men and women who gave the autocrats their chance. No wonder the midnight air of Europe roared and chuckled and thundered with propaganda.

What had the liberal, the democrat, actually to fear? What were his assets and his dangers, his losses and his gains? What had history shown? What was the fundamental belief of the liberal, the crux of his faith? Was it foolish?

I thought I heard a cock crow thrice. I straightened my shoulders. I was ashamed of myself.

III

NEVER SINCE THE BEGINNING of time has the liberal, the democrat, been in anything but danger. Never until the end of time will he be out of danger, unless in some far distant age the vast majority of men are reasonable, humane, and unselfish. The fight is as old as the human race when the first man was a liberal and the second a totalitarian — or the other way about. It is as old as Cain and Abel. Nor is it exclusively national. It cuts across all frontiers, all classes, all ways of life. It would seem to have comparatively little to do with advantages or disadvantages, education or a lack of it. Perhaps it is some little spark in a man's head or heart or belly. The history of all confirmed democracies has been a fight against sabotage from within as much as a fight against enemies from without. The greatest fear of

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autocrats has always been liberals who speak the same tongue.

You can walk down the nearest street and remind yourself that, were it not for the police, who with us happen to be functioning under a liberal government, one of the first three men you meet would assault you if he knew what you were thinking.

Certainly! For what is the basis of liberalism? What is its genesis? What are the deepest and sharpest wishes in the liberal mind, the average intelligent American mind? What are those ultimate resolves beyond which no man dare go with safety, those final determinations for which the liberal, liking life and peace as he must if he is a liberal, would nonetheless starkly die? What is the cornerstone of democracy?

It can be easily isolated. It can be summed up in a sentence or two.

It is the right of peaceable argument, of reasonable discussion.

It is the belief that, if you have a case, you can sit down with other men or stand up before them and attempt to convince them by logic or, if you fail in that, at least be protected in your point of view so long as this is not immediately and violently antisocial.

The difference between democracy and totalitarianism is that the democrat thinks that government is made by and for Adam and Eve, while the totalitarian thinks Adam and Eve are made by the government and for it.

Does that sound like oversimplification? It isn't. On this right — the right of argument — rests all right to yourself and your inner self-respect. On the right of every man to express himself within reasonable limits — his thoughts, his desires, and his needs — democracy stands or falls. The inevitable and instinctive rage and contempt all men and women who think above their bellies or their beds feel at the abrogation of this right, either in their personal lives or in common affairs, is no more than an echo of the urge that has persisted from before the memory of man and for which the ancestors of most of us risked their all.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, habeas corpus, representative government, protection of the home, trial by jury, all the other ancient rights mean but one thing — the right of a man to be a man and to be treated as such, the right of a man to possess his own spirit. This is the basis of every Magna Charta wrung from unwilling tyrants. Slowly from the beginning of time the democratic mind has fought and died and been tortured in its struggle to gain possession of this ultimate end, and step by step the democratic mind has won.

But to the autocratic mind, the totalitarian mind, nothing is more terrible than peaceable argument, than reasoned discussion — nothing more deadly. That is why above all things dictators hate democracy — even more than the fascist dictator hates communism; even more than the communistic dictator hates fascism. You can kill a man but you cannot kill an idea. It is a good sign when dictators sneer at liberalism. It means that the phantom of the free human spirit will not let them sleep. Even dictators do not waste their words.

At every council of dictatorship Banquo's ghost of liberalism sits down.

Certainly the liberal is in constant danger. Certainly the liberal must always be vigilant. The world has always been divided between those who hope to win by intelligent proof, slow and faltering as this method is, and the direct actionist who, whenever he can, shoots his opponent. Even within the circle of a family this divergence is noticeable, even within a man himself. Totalitarianism slumbers in the wisest mind. It is a part of life, the shadow beyond the sunlight, the figure who answered Faust. The most liberal man has to guard against the temptation to put into effect liberal aims by totalitarian methods.

IV

So the liberal should not be depressed by a danger that has always been his and always will be his; rather he should remember, in this hour when to the unthinking he seems on the retreat, that never in his history has he been so strong. The liberal has been spoiled by fifty years of apparent world-wide acceptance of his views, by fifty years of easy and in many cases unreal victories, by fifty years of lip service on the part of millions who never had the vaguest notion of actual liberalism.

Until 163 years ago there was no such thing as a confirmed democracy. For most of the nineteenth century, France, certainly in her essence today a bitter democracy, was, under the restored Bourbons and Louis Napoleon, a

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dictatorship, repressive and obscurantist. Only recently have any of the South American republics become in the least democratic. Only recently have China and Spain made a struggle for democracy. Those great democracies, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, are creations of this century. Even England, where so many ideas of freedom and individual liberty have germinated, bore no resemblance to a modern democracy until the time of Queen Victoria. And the English aristocrat, save for a released spirit here and there, is not yet a democrat. There are plenty of Americans living who remember slavery.

In the time of Benjamin Franklin there were almost a score of offenses in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for which a man or woman could be hanged. Franklin put a stop to that. There is not an American living today who in the casual course of twenty-four hours does not commit an act or express a thought that in colonial America would have sent him to the stocks (or to Rhode Island) or have got him whipped, branded, or excommunicated.

Never in history has democracy been stronger. Never have its frontiers been so far flung. Never have there been so many men and women who at last understand what democracy means and who carry it constantly in their heads and hearts as something without which life would not be worth living. Nor should one be overly alarmed by unwitting Americans like my friend of the dining car. For the most part their trouble lies in a lack of visualization.

I ask every American, especially those who through carelessness or selfishness have been listening to some beguiling voice, to try to visualize a country from which, overnight, every right accepted as casually as one accepts his morning paper has been swept away. How many Americans could awake to that and live?

The democrat is not retreating; he is merely reforming his lines, straightened by the loss of salients which for the most part meant weakness, not strength. The Russians and the Italians were never democrats. Germany got rid of most of her liberals in 1848, and their descendants are today Americans. One can only mourn the loss of the stalwart Czechs and the pliable but charming Austrians and rest assured that, as history is counted, the loss is temporary.

There are other reassurances.

When, in the long run, has a democratic army ever been defeated by an autocratic one? When, in the long run, has obscurantism or fanaticism ever been victorious? When, in the long run, has tyranny ever been able to hold a free, even if for the time being conquered, country? You say Rome? Rome ruled her provinces wisely and tolerantly and well. The provincial became a Roman citizen. But even Rome in the long run lost her provinces. You remember Spain, I suppose, under Napoleon, Holland under the Spaniards, scores of other instances. You have heard of the Sicilian Vespers. The Spanish instance was a very curious thing. The mayor of a little town decided he had had enough of the French, and so he declared war on Napoleon and wrote letters to the mayors of other towns. Pretty soon Napoleon was back beyond the Pyrenees.

I ask you to make another visualization.

Suppose, by some remote chance, the United States were conquered. Suppose for months, even years, our streets and roads and houses were filled with alien officers and troops. Suppose everything we hold dear was forbidden and derided. Suppose we were pushed off the sidewalks, and our women insulted. I think there would come a curiously quiet night, sullen and portentous as the hour before a hurricane — the sort of night that worries intelligence officers in occupied countries. And I think the next morning there would be a million dead but they would not be democrats.

This is the inevitable *reductio ad absurdum* of conquest which the dictator does not allow himself to contemplate. Nor is it a wish fulfillment on my part. It is based soberly on history.

V

MANY APHORISMS and ancient sayings are only partly true. They need amendment. But as a man grows older he realizes that some are completely valid.

Force begets force. He who takes to the sword perishes by the sword. If you give a fool enough rope he will hang himself. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. If you back a man into a corner you have done the most dangerous thing you can do.

You may add the military aphorism that every time you extend your lines you weaken them.

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The totalitarian mind has never understood the liberal mind, and this has been one of the great tragedies of history. The totalitarian has always mistaken common sense and enlightenment for weakness — a mistake which has resulted in the ultimate death of countless totalitarians. And I suppose a liberal, as a liberal, should regret that, for in his own odd fashion a totalitarian is also a human being. This is a subtle question I shall let you settle among yourselves.

The totalitarian has never been able to get through his head the fact that the liberal, because he is a liberal, because of the very essence of liberalism, must give back, give back, until he can give no further.

Perhaps as good a definition as can be found of the difference between the liberal and the totalitarian lies in the old Far Western phrase, the "itching trigger finger." The totalitarian shoots on sight and on principle; the liberal, only when he has to. But that isn't the point. The point is: Who shoots the straighter when the time comes?

There is another useful Far Western analogy. What man of adventurous life but has seen a small town terrorized by a bully until some peaceful citizen got up and hit the terrorist with a bottle?

And now we can come to an especial handicap, a hampering delusion, of which, before he does anything else, the liberal should rid himself immediately. Perhaps, in these recent soul-searching months, a number of liberals have already done so. Perhaps the time is already ripe when the liberal can thank the dictators for clarifying his point of view.

About eighteen years ago, in the days when we thought the League of Nations meant something and that a war to make the world safe for democracy had actually been fought, someone invented a label for the liberal, the democrat. Who this someone was I don't know, but he must have been a communist, for those Pantagruelian brothers of communism, Fascism and Naziism, had not as yet been born. The liberal — the democrat — he said, was "confused." He meant well but he was "confused." He did not know what he wanted. He had no plan. He did not know where he was going. He was not convinced. And, even had he had a plan, he could not put it into operation.

And the label stuck.

Pretty soon (and as was intended) it became more than a label; it became an argument. All you had to do in order to embarrass a liberal was to repeat the label and shrug your shoulders and smile. For years, New York especially was filled with people who did just this, and the liberal, Lord of the Ascendent during the Edwardian era, carelessly sure that he was on the side of evolution and inevitable trend, suddenly found himself with none so lowly as to do him homage.

For almost twenty years the liberal has suffered from shamefacedness and an inferiority complex. Constantly he has been in the presence of self-assured, esoterically informed folk — at least they behaved as such — who used big words he did not understand; and, having no cant language of his own, he began to feel that his unspoken, inarticulate resentment might be no more, perhaps, than old-fashioned sentimental prejudice.

And then, close on the heels of the original scoffers, came others, who, although they used a different label, smiled and shrugged and also agreed that the liberal was "confused." But these, the fascists, did not even grant him good intentions.

The fanatic, the possessor of the single eye, whether he be an adherent of a religious sect, a convert to some new school of painting or music, a reactionary, a storm trooper, a hammer-and-sickle man, or merely an adroitly disagreeable member of a family, has all the initial advantage. Fanaticism means concentration on an end at the cost of everything else. It means initial organization, drive, swiftness, and impetus. The fanatic is not interested in the multiplicity of life, as is the liberal. For the first year or so of warfare, autocratic armies usually are successful. And nowhere is this initial advantage more obvious than in argument. On the side of the fanatic is most of the weight of pithy statement and the cream of the jest.

The heart of epigram, of a pithy statement, the secret of propaganda — the only possible technique of all three — is that it goes straight to its end and jettisons half the facts. A statement that attempts to dwell on both sides of a case cannot be an epigram, a pithy statement, or propaganda. It approaches the truth. And the truth is a humble, searching, qualified thing. It is never altogether witty or sententious.

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VI

ONLY RECENTLY has the liberal begun to perceive that he has been the victim of a dialectical trick, a sly bit of sententiousness with no more logic or importance to it than the pompous statement that a horse is a horse.

Of course a horse is a horse, and of course the liberal is confused. He wouldn't be a liberal if he weren't. And, of course, when you accuse him of confusion he (being a liberal and therefore a man with some regard for facts) admits his confusion. But who, in a wild, confused, and bewildered world, save he be an innocent, a maniac, or a knave, is anything else? Strange that it always takes us so long to perceive the similarity between private fixations and public dementia!

Reasonable doubt — but not enough to prevent reasonable action — has always been the distinctive mark of man, separating him from the lion, the tiger, and the jackal. Reasonable doubt — but not enough to prevent reasonable action — has always been the only possible attitude for sane and progressive men and women. Reasonable doubt — but not enough to prevent reasonable action — has been responsible for all the progress, however faltering, mankind has made. When man asked his first question he first stood up.

In a wild and bemused decade in which fantastic opinions are as common as bats on a summer night, the oddest phenomenon is the faith of the totalitarian that he has actually found an answer. Equally fantastic is the continuing loyalty of totalitarians in liberal countries — the American communist or fascist, for instance, who still has some other choice besides a shotgun wedding.

A conviction that you are 100 per cent right and in possession of the answers to all the questions is not, in the civilized countries, regarded as a mark of wisdom. Usually, if persisted in, it worries your friends and family and results in incarceration. Our asylums are filled with totalitarians.

Once you accept his premises, no one is more logical than the gentleman who thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte or Jesus Christ, no one more reasonable than the lady who thinks she is Joan of Arc. And certainly they are convinced. One of the most terrible features of insanity is that it is so much more lucid than real life, if you cross the borderline.

All through history the surest sign of the liberal predilection to use the mind for the by no means popular purpose of thought has been liberal uncertainty. Humanity has gone forward by asking itself questions, not by swallowing assumptions. It was reasonable doubt that caused man to learn to use fire. It was reasonable doubt that set him to wandering. Reasonable doubt, one form of which is wariness, is man's most precious heritage. Without it he would have been destroyed long ago. Think what would have happened to Little Red Riding Hood had she been as open to easy conviction as some of our communist intellectuals or fascist businessmen.

Had it not been for reasonable doubt — in this instance unconscious, of course — we should still be amoebae swimming in the warm and murky waters of our own low-grade opinions. It was those cave men who regarded themselves as infallible who got caught by the prehistoric wolf. We are descended from the alert, the questioning, the meek, and the uncertain.

Not that communism and fascism were not themselves, in the beginning, symptoms of reasonable doubt. As criticisms and suggestions, they still have their uses. It was only when they crystallized into infatuated programs that they spelled their own death warrants. Too bad that they will take so long in dying and in their death struggles will carry so many good and innocent men with them!

The liberal, like all men, is confused, but at least he is aware of his own confusion and so has not closed the gates to advancement. Liberalism is a faith, a way of life — the way you breathe, the flow of blood in your veins — and, as with all faiths, it cannot be codified or set down in little paragraphs. It grows. You cannot describe one year in the terms of the year before. The moment you codify a faith, you no longer have a faith; you have bigotry. You also have built a wall. Liberalism is so close to life that, like life, it is susceptible to no narrow definitions. It is no astrologer; it cannot predict the future. It is no court historian; it does not distort or obliterate the past. But it has a score of touchstones, and these are constantly increasing.

You can make any comparison you want.

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Engineering? Like a good bridge, democracy is designed to withstand inevitable stresses and strains.

Wood? If you submerge it, democracy rises to the surface.

Steel? Democracy is so constituted that it can expand or contract when necessary.

Science? Democracy uses the methods of the laboratory.

Experience? Democracy is versed in trial and error.

Medicine and the human body? Democracy, with but a little assistance, heals itself.

Research? Democracy is the only framework which permits actual exploration — scientific, artistic, or human.

The law? Democracy is constantly forming a body of precedents, and is constantly being tried by a jury of its peers.

The human spirit? Democracy is the only system which allows men of all faiths and beliefs and legitimate pursuits to live together and which encourages them to expand their imaginations; and freedom of the spirit, despite all the absurdities into which it may fall, is the only road so far discovered that leads to human progress.

The liberal at this moment is not arrayed against any ordinary political or social or economic system, however alien. This is not even a quarrel between liberalism and such ordinary tyranny as absolute monarchy. This clearly is a fight between sanity and schizophrenia, between the normal and dementia praecox, between those who have caught the Dancing Sickness and those who haven't. And, if more people realized this, there would be less haste to exhibit even a vague desire to join the unbalanced. Most people avoid an admission of insanity.

VII

THE TRAIN HURTLED through the darkness. It hung head down into unknown space. And yet there was light and comfort and surprising safety. The train ran by rules and on a surveyed track, and it was conducted by expert and courageous men; and yet the passengers were at liberty to move about, do what they would, think as they saw fit, get on and off, plan their immediate and distant futures. Why wasn't the train a fair symbol of intelligent democracy?

The train hurtled through darkness and hung head down into space. And yet men were afraid of distant but human intangibilities!

Suddenly it seemed to me that I was companioned by a myriad men and women whose shadows rode beside the train. Their shadows bulked large. They were comforting and reassuring. They were as many as the hosts of the stars. They filled the night. They were warriors, priests, poets, statesmen, scientists. They were the really great men and women who had lived or were still alive.

And many of them were marked with wounds. For countless ages, weak to begin with, stronger as time went on, they had fought and died, and been tortured and exiled so that I, free to go where I wanted, free to be myself, could sit in a moving train and think my own thoughts and be a man.

Well, I, for one, would not betray them. I was too grateful.

Next Month: — 'WHY HATE THE JEWS?'
— the first of two articles on race prejudice —
by Struthers Burt

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Servant Trouble

ANONYMOUS

Sometimes as I hear my friends complaining about the terrific problem that servants present — their incompetency, their laziness, their untidiness — and when I learn that a two-hour-old ring around the bathtub is a major calamity in a well-planned household, I would gladly change places with them; for I have had ten domestics this year and had to let them all go before they wore me down.

My husband is a junior psychiatrist in a Midwestern sanitarium where indigent patients are often admitted at the expense of the county. It is located in a fertile valley, with acres of farmland which materially diminish the running expenses of the hospital.

For some time past, it has been the policy at the hospital to allow the more capable and least disturbed patients to work in the kitchens and wards, on the grounds, and even in the doctors' cottages, as a therapeutic measure, to aid them in readjusting to a useful and normal life. Sometimes this period of parole, during which the patient is given greater freedom and more privileges, is the first step for him in being discharged home. Sometimes the period merely shows the utter impossibility of an adjustment, and the patient is thereafter kept under hospital jurisdiction for an indefinite period.

Last year, when my husband joined the staff, I had never to my knowledge seen a psychotic (insane) person, except in the movies. I was in terror as I went about each night, locking every door and window of our little cottage, pretending not to see the grim old buildings looming like sinister shadows over Doctors' Row. As I lay in bed, trying not to hear the occasional screams of a hallucinated individual, I would think fearfully of my husband making his night rounds, entering rooms that were hastily locked after him, and examining men who had committed crimes against society out of their particular types of madness. Murderers, sex maniacs, perverts of all kinds were committed to this hospital for a month, until they were either declared criminally insane and sent to an institution for such patients or pronounced sane and deserving of any penalty an irate society saw fit to impose. It was of these thirty-day periods in the lives of these human demons that I was in constant terror, for doctors and attendants were often hurt when some patient ran amuck. I feared, too, being alone and surrounded by these buildings, with always the possibility of escapes.

One year has taught me much.

There are almost weekly escapes of both male and female patients. But, while I am always cautious about my two little girls, I realize that most of the poor demented creatures who manage to wander away from the line as they go to their weekly movie or who hide themselves from the nurses when they are out for their daily walk are harmless. I no longer barricade the house when one of them approaches but instead try to guide the patient back to the grounds.

Likewise I have changed my attitude toward having patients as helpers in my home.

At first I shuddered and refused with horror and, because our humble salary did not allow a paid servant, I tried to keep up the house, cook, take care of the children, attend lectures, and get in a self-prescribed number of hours of writing and reading. The results were disastrous. I gave up even the most informal entertaining of our friends. I was too tired to accompany my husband to the concerts which meant so much to him after a soul-racking day's work. I was letting foolish fears interfere with the most pleasant side of my life.

So I finally told my husband that he might send over a woman from his building to help me, so that I could have leisure to enjoy without fatigue. Thus began my cavalcade of domestics — who would make any churlish

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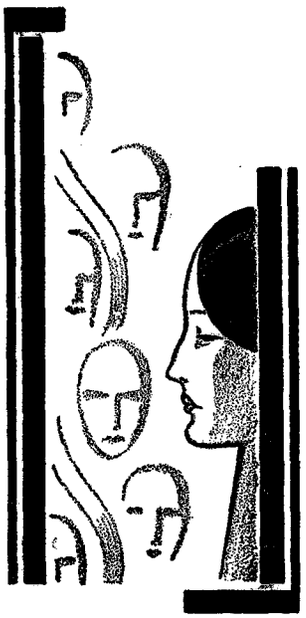
servant girl seem a paragon of efficiency, tact, and intelligence.

Esther and Margaret

The first, I think, was Esther.

She had been a servant before she came to the hospital, so she was familiar with the routine. But she had a bad memory defect, so that I could never depend on her to do a thing when I was not there to remind her. After every task, she would have to ask what she should do next. She forgot where things were to be put away; and, if I wrote a list of vegetables to be prepared, she would forget where she put the list. She could not cook, because she had forgotten the essentials of all but the simplest things.



But it was not her memory that finally gave me most anxiety. Her chief fault lay hidden behind a sweet, guileless face, a soft, respectful voice, a neat and attractive appearance. Esther was a chronic alcoholic.

While I was in the garden or on the telephone, she would spend long periods trying to reach the doctor's little store of liquor. She would even break the lock of a cupboard in her thirst. I would guess intuitively when she had at last tracked down the sherry or Scotch: I was constantly listening for unexplained stillness, stealthy steps in the guest room, or the tinkle of glass in the sun porch, to know when Esther's search had ended and she had found our little hospitality supply in its latest hiding place. Then I would join her hastily. Sometimes she would have the bottle to her lips; once she was already replacing it. Usually I reached her while she was trying to make her movements seem natural. She would replace the spirits and, ignoring my presence, would continue her work with an astounding nonchalance. I would be the more confused as I tried to act as if nothing had occurred and would withdraw as unostentatiously as possible (but with the bottle, to hide it in an unused suitcase or toy chest when she had gone for lunch). But the hunt would be on again soon.

The morning after a party was a terrible problem, because I would have to wash every glass myself and empty the dregs of every shaker and send all superfluous bottles to a friend to keep until we should want them again. Vanilla, hair tonic, and anything else with a mite of alcohol had to be guarded from Esther.

Finally she was discharged to her family on probation, but we know that she will probably be back after a particularly wild binge and a spell of D.T.'s.

Then there was Margaret, a young Negress.

She was an excellent worker. She had every virtue: she was tireless, intelligent, clean, and willing. She gave me untold help during the illness of one of my little girls.

But her diligence had one drawback. She was very depressed and wept silently as she worked. She never spoke — even greetings went unanswered. It was often trying to have to work in the kitchen with her, without being able to exchange the commonplaces of feminine chatter.

Nevertheless I missed her when, through my efforts, she was sent out to an excellent job paying good wages as maid in the home of a professional couple.

Other Strange Visitors

Carmelita came next, Carmelita of the liquid black eyes and husky voice, the young Spanish woman whose baffling mental illness had brought her, a mother of two children, to write wild anonymous letters to people she did not know.

She was changeable, moody, now singing soft little folk songs, now sobbing into her apron at some imagined rebuke. "Why you no like me?" she would ask endlessly, and no amount of assurance would appease her.

Then she had delusions that her charming little husband was unfaithful to her. Actually, I never saw such tenderness and devotion as he gave her, coming every visiting day, never with empty hands. Always he would try to cheer her up. He never told of his own difficulties — now unemployed and on relief, now working for a dollar a day as a gardener. Trying to act as mother and housewife, trying to save enough money to bring things to his wife, always pa-

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tient, wistfully hopeful, he is one of the most gallant men I have ever met. Even now, as he hurries through rain and snow to see Carmelita (who grows steadily worse), he never allows himself the privilege of self-pity. All summer he used to carry two bouquets to the hospital — one to his Carmelita, one to the doctor for me, for having been kind to her.

Carmelita herself had to leave our home and return to the ward, because she became paranoid toward my husband, feeling that he was having her kept in the hospital just to work for us. In some inexplicable way she has referred all her trouble to him, because he sees her daily. She hurls shameful accusations at him, forgetting that he is merely a doctor who is spending his life trying to help her and others like her. In her distorted mental picture, he is a jailer who has deprived her of her freedom, a fiend whose routine blood tests on her become injections of poison.

If Carmelita ever procured a knife, I think she would murder my husband. Sometime, years from now, if I ever have news that she has escaped, unimproved, I shall tremble with fear, for such minds do not forget their obsessions. She will seek him out craftily I know, even if we have moved away.

Valerie was not what her lovely name implies.

She was hunchbacked and toothless and seemed hundreds of years old. She chattered in a hoarse croak of a voice. She sat down whenever the doctor or I talked together, made comments on our conversation, asked personal questions (for example: When were we going to have more children? Was it true I had been married before?).

As a practical joke, we sent her to the house of another staff member who needed a worker; but the joke is on us, because all day she lavishes them with intimate details of our lives — and her flights of fancy have produced some astounding elaborations.

There have also been two male helpers.

Jim is lean, quiet, slow, hypochondriac. When I send him to clean out the hearth, he discovers a book of verse on the shelves and settles himself in the doctor's easy chair. Lucky Jim always gives in to his impulses and expects people to put up with this. The fact that a mental hospital is the only place in the world where one can be so completely egocentric does not trouble him in the least. He is very happy, and I think I envy him.

Jerry, who came before my faithful Jim, I allowed to stay two hours. I think some intern amused himself by sending him in the first place, when I asked for a man to help with the spring cleaning. I had an unexpected visit from the wife of one of the trustees while I was giving my new helper his instructions and so I dismissed him and thought he had withdrawn to the mop closet. I was very wrong. He hovered about in the hall, and, when my visitor stood near the door to say a final word, he grabbed this respectable dowager of sixty odd years and covered her face with kisses. After a moment or two, the terrified woman and I succeeded in beating him off. I sent him slinking back down the road to his ward.

I have put up with Jim's vagaries because I know he would miss the garden in which he loves to putter and because Jerry made the aesthetic Jim seem a paragon of virtue.

There were two or three other women, each of whom came for a day or two and finally decided that they preferred to sit over in the buildings, chatting with cronies as they had done for years, than to put in a healthfully active day's work. They were past realizing that their hope for a normal life depended on their willingness to try to lead such a life.

The Tragedy of Janet

And now I must bring myself to mention Janet.

I suppose that once in the life of every doctor's wife something happens which makes her doubt her security, married to a man whose work is so absorbing and whose feelings and sensibilities are continually traumatized by the people he deals with.

Janet had been a nurse, and her intelligence made her stand out among the other patients. She was very beautiful, in spite of the tragic sadness which revealed itself in her white face. Her voice, with its suggestion of a sob, was not remarkable when she spoke to me of household cares; but I knew that, when she brought herself to tell of her mental anguish and those strange conflicts her emotions and her personality imposed on her, her voice probably deepened the perceptions of the psychiatrist and made her suffering more acute to him.

I was glad to see her when she came to work

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at our house. Her youth, her beauty, her intelligence were a pleasant contrast to the senile Valerie. And for a month all went well. My husband was in good spirits; the house, he claimed, had never seemed to run so smoothly. I could not understand, at first, his allusions to this.

In a busy household with tiny children I was not able always to do those things which add so materially to a man's comfort. My husband's clothes were often buttonless, his ties not always pressed, his shoes infrequently shined. His bathrobe and slippers were seldom at hand; his pipes were sometimes poked far back in desk drawers. He frequently had to eat unalluring foods the children ate, because it was not always possible to prepare two menus.

I began to notice that Janet spent more and more of her time adding these touches to the doctor's comfort, while the bulk of the household tasks were left to me. I did the breakfast dishes, for example, because Janet spent too much time arranging a bowl of flowers, sharpened pencils, refilled pen, ash tray, pipes, journals, and writing pad on my husband's desk. And I was grateful to her for being able to do these things on her own initiative.

But it was not long before she would leave her work the moment the doctor entered the house and, to my profound annoyance, follow him to his study for a psychiatric conference. Almost always he would put these sessions to an end by asking her to play the piano. He would call me to join him, and we both would listen in deep pleasure to her remarkable talent.

As time passed, I noticed that she smiled less and less. She even seemed to avoid speaking to the doctor. She would avert her eyes when he greeted her. She was listless and depressed. There were no more ecstatic concerts. She was approaching an emotional crisis, and the doctor was very gentle with her. She had withdrawn from even her long conferences with him. There was dull misery in her eyes, apathy in her movements.

Finally she told me that she didn't want to work in our house any longer. She gave no explanation, and I asked for none. She was obviously not as well as when she had first come to us.

Her last afternoon, she went to my husband's study. He had not as yet returned from the hospital, and she asked if she might leave a little note for him to send to her mother.

After a long time, I went to see what was delaying her: she was crumpled in a chair, covered with blood. Her wrists had been slashed by the sharp edge of a tobacco can, to which she had applied a can opener to procure a jagged edge.

Hastily I phoned the doctor and told him briefly what had happened. I returned to her and tried to apply a tourniquet.

My eyes fell on a blood-spattered piece of paper lying on the desk. The words leaped into my brain, and all my life that white-and-crimson paper will haunt and disturb me:

> My darling, you've been very kind to me. I came to rely on your tenderness when things seemed most confusing. If I had met you years ago, when you were an intern and I was a probationer, perhaps our lives would have been different. I am glad to die, because there was no life for me. And yet, if I had lived, perhaps you would have learned to care for me. You might have healed my mind and made me whole. And then how could you have helped loving what you had made of me?

But Janet lived. She lived so that I might see (or think I saw), the anguish in my husband's face while her life hung in the balance. She lived so that I might never ask him what that note meant to him. She lived so that I might tell by the tired, discouraged lines about his mouth that he has been with her in the afternoon for longer than his routine visit. She lives — but with such an unwillingness that she has become terribly emaciated and must be fed through a tube.

She lives to torture me. Is my husband's devoted care for her the same that he has shown these five years for older, less beautiful, less personal patients? Has he only a great pity for this girl whose love for him he considers merely a focal point in her psychosis, as is Carmelita's hatred of him? Or has he something else?

Do you think *you* have servant problems?

In an early issue:

'Misled Martyrs'

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Balkan Mantrap

by **IRVING B. PFLAUM**

TEN THOUSAND persons who were forced into second exile after the Munich settlement, today are serving time in the world's largest concentration camp — the Balkans. The countries in which they lived were not the subject of negotiation at Munich, yet the accord signed there cost them their homes and livelihood and made them unwilling refugees. It sentenced them to the Balkan chain gang.

They are but a part of the German and Austrian refugees trapped by the Reich in central Europe, where only suicide or fast-shooting frontier police can end their wanderings.

Who are they? What have they done?

Starting in 1933 from Germany and several years later from Austria, they came to central Europe and the Balkans to escape National Socialism. Most of them are Jews, but Christians are numerous among them — liberals, Social Democrats, and Catholics.

They preferred exile to the Nazis. That is all they have done.

From the start, some were more fortunate than others, and the unlucky exiles took to moving from city to city seeking work. As the prestige of the German Reich increased, first after the Rhineland occupation and then with the Anschluss, Balkan governments showed less and less friendliness toward these vagrant refugees. The police began to arrest them, and deportation soon followed. It was one way to win favors from the Reich.

The more fortunate of the exiles meanwhile had found jobs and made new homes, bringing their families from the Reich to share the new life with them. They settled in small groups scattered through central and eastern Europe and, in all, they numbered fewer than ten thousand souls.

Gradually, in easy stages, the Reich closed in around them, working through the various cabinets, urging Belgrade to legislate against the Jews, applauding the Hungarian Jewish law, supporting an anti-Semitic government in Bucharest.

The climax came in October, 1938. There had been abundant warnings, but, when the bolts were shot and the doors banged shut, it was suddenly. The Germans marched into Czecho-Slovakia, and as they advanced central Europe was made into a Nazi concentration camp, locked and sealed from Berlin. The lines were closed, and inside the trap, unprotected and waiting, were ten thousand new, ten thousand old, and a million potential victims.

A hostile line was joined in October around that part of Europe between the Reich and the Black Sea, forcing the exiles into the Balkan circle where they were unwanted and yet helpless to escape. Still, there was one border they could cross, one country that did not ask for visas or Aryan race certificates — a border that began at Katowice in Poland and curved around Bohemia to the Danube and Jugoslavia. It was the German frontier.

Except for Germany, whose *Schulekamp* awaited the refugee, where he could be taught his place in the new Reich and those principles of National Socialism which he missed during his exile, there was no country that wanted him or would give him temporary shelter nor one that would permit him to pass over her frontier or through her territory. Even Switzerland, on the far side of the trap, herded the German exiles into a labor camp and firmly closed her gates to all others.

After the Nazi victory at Munich, no one in central Europe bothered to disguise the real reason for refusing shelter to the German and Austrian exiles. The consulates in all European capitals were instructed not to visa German or Austrian passports unless the holders could show a German Reich certificate of "Aryan" race. Neither the Jews nor the exiled Christians could produce this certificate, for the

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latter had to return to Germany to obtain it. These regulations meant the end of legal entry and the beginning of the Balkan mill system for the ten thousand or so exiles who had (luckily, they thought) found work and homes.

The Treadmill

Without visas the refugees could not be deported legally, except to the Reich; and no government dared, as yet, force them to return there. There was another solution, however, that was furnished by the first group of less fortunate refugees, whose wanderings around central Europe gave the authorities an idea. The new exiles, Jews and Christians alike, would be started on what the police call the "merry-go-round" — an endless series of expulsions, arrests, and illicit frontier jumpings that constitutes the Balkan refugee mill. The exiles were to be handed around central and eastern Europe, from one country to another, until they wearied and eliminated themselves.

So it started. In October, 1938, there were but two hundred German Jews and other Reich exiles in Jugoslavia, and some two thousand Austrians living in Belgrade and the smaller towns near the German frontier. They were self-supporting as a group, the Germans having become emigrees in 1933–34, when they had been able to export money from Germany. The two hundred Germans had found work and settled permanently in the country; their children attended Jugoslav schools, and the parents were learning the language.

Premier Stoyadinovitch, who had assured his nation after the Anschluss that no anti-Semitic legislation would be passed in Jugoslavia, openly deserted the Little Entente during the Czech crisis. After its solution at Munich, he was visited by the German Minister. The press reported that the Reich had "expressed its annoyance at the continued presence of Jewish and other exiles in Belgrade" and that the Premier told reporters that "expulsion orders have been prepared, many before the visit of the German minister."

The next day, police agents visited the two hundred German families. The men were ordered to report in twenty-four hours for deportation, the women to sell their property and prepare themselves for expulsion within a week. This little colony was not too small to "annoy" the Reich and had to go. The Austrian refugees were given the same instructions.

Within a day the police and ministry offices were crowded with exiles, offering bribes (some accepted, I am told), seeking friends with connections, struggling to make some arrangements for their families. About forty obtained visas. Some with friends in certain places obtained British permits; several received American visas; one or two who had been born in cities now Polish were allowed to visit that country; a score had South and Central American permits.

What of the others?

Without visas, with worthless passports and no "Aryan" race certificates, money, or friends, they were started on the Balkan mill. The police escorted them in small groups to one of the three possible frontiers — Greek, Hungarian, or Rumanian — and at night they walked across into a country which did not want them and would not have them.

For the victims, this was the first of many such excursions — the first of the nights when frontier guards fired in the dark, and a companion went down with a groan, dead or wounded; the first of many detention camps full of smugglers and thieves; the first of many jails crowded with Balkan underworld characters. It was the first of many deportations across darkened frontiers and it was the last of homes, families, baths, hot food, and self-respect.

These were not the only new exiles the first week after Munich. Other Balkan countries, taking the hint from Belgrade, withdrew the limited rights of asylum that had been extended to refugees, particularly in the countries of the Little Entente. Budapest, Bucharest, Sofia, Athens, Warsaw, Prague, and Bratislava began expulsions, until some eight thousand more exiles were on the Balkan mill.

Running refugees across frontiers became an established custom in central Europe, accompanied by the usual corruption. Exiles whose funds were not exhausted were allowed to remain in certain cities, while others with the same documents were taken to jail or thrown over the nearest frontier. In Rumania, the threat of deportation was accompanied by quotation of the price of permission to remain.

Well-connected Aryan lawyers did a land-office business. They were able to arrange per-

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mits for exiles who had money, and these soon forgot their less fortunate brethren. There was no co-operation between them; each refugee guarded a plan for escaping from the mill. It was when they became convinced that here was no escape, when their money and Christian friends were gone, that the full significance of the Balkan mill began to drive some of them back to Germany.

Harried and Hopeless

The operation of the mill varies from country to country.

Bucharest depends on decrees called "revision of citizenship records." Hungary depends on immigration laws and the Jewish law. Poland relies on special decrees passed to suit the circumstances (the latest took citizenship away from Polish Jews who had resided five years or more outside Poland). Slovakia, Bulgaria, and Greece use police measures. Slovakia's autonomous government announced that the police had prepared a list of forty thousand "undesirables" who would be deported. Bulgaria and Greece consider exiles within the class of smugglers and punish them with imprisonment or deportation.

The usual method is expulsion after preliminary arrest and detention, during which the refugees have the opportunity to find money for the police. The poorer ones are forced into some neighboring country, groups passing each other going in and out of the same state.

I am told that it is customary for a group of fifty or sixty Jews to be guided from Hungary into Rumania at the same time that an equal number are being escorted across the same frontier from Rumania to Hungary. None of them have visas, and all are liable to imprisonment, some for long terms if it is their second or third entry into the country. Not a few are killed or wounded by the frontier police.

Suicide takes an estimated 5 per cent at each pause on the mill and is increasing. Three per cent are killed or wounded in each frontier crossing; and approximately 10 per cent return to German concentration camps, if they can get in that country. As it is not unusual to find refugees who have made thirty illegal entries, the number of casualties is higher than might be expected. About half the wanderers are in jail on any given date, awaiting deportation, while the others are in transit.

A small number escape from the mill by becoming criminals. For example, in a central European capital I spoke to a doctor whose researches brought him a high award from the German Republic. He is an abortionist, moving from city to city in the Balkans, working for prostitutes and peasant girls. Another physician hands out free advice to the poor to cover his real operations as a member of a dope-peddling ring. An advocate, with high ranking before a certain supreme court, is in the same ring and carries dope for sale. A criminal lawyer from Berlin is adviser to a group of smugglers with headquarters in another Balkan capital. Yet another lawyer, it is rumored, is running a white-slave racket. Some of the women, I was told, are walking the streets (and Balkan streets are not dainty resorts). Others of the exiles are in petty criminal gangs, scheming to get out of the circle; they are forgers, passport specialists, small-scale smugglers, and members of the usual borderline trades that professional men will enter when they are hungry and desperate.

These members of the mill are known in every city from the Danube to the Black Sea, not only by the police but by the Jewish communities and the local committees for German exiles. They beg and borrow when they can, work at anything that is offered, steal and plot their escape from the mill. Some have been able to send their wives and children to America, by wangling visas, or have shipped them to relatives who have managed homes of a kind in South or Central America. When Munich shut the bars around them, they turned criminal, these north Germans who sang *Deutschland uber alles* with the rest of their countrymen in moist beer halls. I leave it to the men who ruined their second homes and locked them in the Balkans and to those who will not give them shelter outside to judge them.

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The most pathetic are those who are waiting on the edge of the mill, neither in nor out but with hopes and plans for "next year." Some have money and are waiting for our "quota" to reach them (the Hungarian quota, to give a typical example, is filled for the next ten years) or for relatives to send for them. They know, and their friends know that some day the police will come, when their money is gone; and the "revision of documents" will put them on the list for expulsion. They are caught like the rest, in the trap their fatherland made for them in the Balkans.

Other Jewish Persecutions

But the German and Austrian refugees are not the last on the Nazi black list. In the forgotten corners of Eastern Europe, in Galicia and the northern end of Rumania, live three hundred to three hundred fifty thousand eastern Jews who are without passports, visas, or civil documents of any kind. The Rumanians call them "osmosis" Jews, for they seeped into the Balkans from Poland after the pogroms and from Russia during the famines.

If National Socialist influence and local anti-Semitism continue to increase in central Europe, these Jews will be forced to join the wanderers. Rumanian "revision," sponsored by M. Goga, was aimed at them; and now, with more reason than before the collapse of the Little Entente, Bucharest may continue her anti-Semitic policy from where Goga left off. Poland's anti-Semitism is more than matched, these days, in Slovakia, where the new government began deportations from its list of forty thousand "undesirables."

Hungary's Jewish law, which was called "mild" during the Anschluss panic, has been converted by the bureaucracy of that country into one of the most vicious racial laws in Europe — outside the Reich.

Originally the act, "to insure effectively the equilibrium of social and economic life in the realm," was a simple discrimination against the Jews. The *numerus clausus* of 20 per cent Jews in professional and economic pursuits was to be reached after a period ranging from one year to ten. This seemed "mild" after the Anschluss and before Munich. It helped quiet the financial panic that raced around the Balkans soon after the invasion of Austria.

Following the Czech invasion, however, it became clearer than ever before that the Magyar bureaucrats, with the passive assistance of Regent Horthy and the Imredy cabinet, intended the law to be prohibitory instead of restrictive. The requirement that Jews must have citizenship papers proving that their ancestors back to 1860 were Hungarian-born (not stated but *implied* in the act) has been used to prohibit certain Jews, such as journalists, from continuing in their professions. Traders cannot buy or sell, merchants import, landlords collect rents without this document; and the bureaucrats see that they do not have it.

When I was in Budapest (October–November, 1938), I was told of the frantic endeavors of newspapermen and others to obtain these invaluable citizenship papers. Always there would be some detail wrong or some minor document missing. Only a few were able to bribe their way through the maze that the bureaucracy has installed and received the paper that meant their livelihood.

A system such as this can deprive thousands of Hungarian Jews of their living and send them to join the Germans in their endless wanderings.

An unfortunate complication (for the Balkan governments) is that the Jews form a large part of the minorities being reclaimed by the various fatherlands with such patriotic zeal.

Hungarian anti-Semitism has been restricted somewhat by the minorities. If a plebiscite should be held in these areas, the Magyar Jews could control the result in many of the key towns and provinces. The Budapest government, therefore, does not wish to antagonize them too much, at this time.

The same tendency is evident in Rumania, where the interest in the Hungarian Jews living within that country is directly related to

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the minority issue. Should the Hungarian Jews be counted as Magyars or Jews? If Rumania is able to reduce the minority claims by encouraging the Jews to register as Hebrews, it may be of great advantage to her when the issue is raised by Hungary. So her anti-Semites are governed somewhat by this consideration.

Slaves For Germany?

German influence in Czechoslovakia has brought an immediate change in that country's attitude toward the racial and religious minorities. German influence will do the same everywhere in central and eastern Europe.

Before the Anchluss and Munich forced Jugoslavia away from the Entente and into the "axis" orbit, there was little anti-Semitism in that country, where there were less than fifty thousand Jews, including refugees. Hitler was able to swing first Mussolini and then Jugoslavia into the anti-Jewish ring. Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Poland joined not only to please the Chancellor but to satisfy their own Nazis and anti-Semites.

Poland's recent law deprived two hundred thousand Polish Jews of citizenship if they had resided more than five years outside Poland. Christians are taken care of by a clause exempting citizens residing abroad for "just reasons." I understand that the government is using this clause for "Aryan" Poles only. The immediate result was that one hundred fifty thousand Polish Jews living in Germany became candidates for the Balkan mill. Ten thousand, according to newspaper accounts, were sent across the frontier on October 28, since the Polish law became effective on November 1; and thousands more were brought to camps near the border. They became, on November 1, refugees without a country and joined the band of tragic wanderers in the Balkans.

Other citizens of eastern European countries find themselves practically deprived of their citizenship or, at least, the right to enjoy it. In Budapest a Polish girl waited in vain for the fog to lift before November 1. "If it doesn't" she told me, "I will be stranded in Hungary until March." She was a Jewess and because of this fact, which is stated on all central- and eastern-European passports, could not obtain even transit visas (which would have made rail travel possible) from any of the three countries (Germany, Rumania, and Slovakia) which separate Hungary from Poland. The airplane service between Poland and Budapest had been interrupted because of the fog, and in November it would be discontinued for the winter. Unless a plane left Budapest for Kraków before November 1, this girl was trapped until March. If she had had sufficient money she might, of course, have obtained a visa through Jugoslavia and from there taken passage on a vessel through the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the North Sea to Poland. Budapest was 150 kilometers from her home town.

Soviet Russia, a country who might have offered shelter to thousands of refugees, has closed her frontiers to all but a special few. The Jews in Europe's forgotten corner, near the Russian frontier, I am sure would prefer the Nazis to the Soviets, but there are many exiles who would go anywhere rather than remain on the "merry-go-round." The Soviets, however, will not have them and maintain a frontier which is as hostile to the refugees as that of the Third Reich.

Turkey took 1,500 German and Austrian physicians, scientists, industrial and agricultural experts. Bolivia, Paraguay, and Mexico made tentative offers, at one time, to accept Jews and other exiles; but I was informed by their consuls in central Europe that visas are not being given now. The British Empire, the United States, and France virtually closed their doors after Munich. The European small democracies have accepted some thousands of the newer exiles, but those of long standing in the Balkan mill cannot obtain visas. Switzerland refused all refugee Jews, beginning shortly before the Munich meeting.

Rumania's "revision," Poland's latest decrees, Hungary's interpretation of her Jewish law, and the Slovak and Czech pro-German regimes may send six to seven hundred thousand new refugees into the mill. This growing mass of exiles in central and eastern Europe may reach a million this year.

If the Reich has her way in Europe, there will be no way out for them. The great Danube basin, which has been their prison camp, may become their tomb. Or will the Balkan mill create a class of homeless slaves for the new master of the Western world?

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Bad-Man Bridges

by **RICHARD L. NEUBERGER**

Portrait by Harold Price

We take the stand that we as workers have nothing in common with the employers. We are in a class struggle, and we subscribe to the belief that if the employer is not in business his products will still be necessary and we still will be providing them when there is no employing class. We frankly believe that day is coming.

— HARRY BRIDGES

TO MILLIONS of Americans no one so epitomizes labor revolt and extremism as Harry R. Bridges. He is the national bogeyman, a symbol within our own country of revolutionary tendencies and dangerous ideas. His name, far more than that of Earl Browder, the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, is practically synonymous with radicalism. Groups that have never heard of Browder spend long hours shuddering about Bridges. His citizenship status is a *cause célèbre*, with a score of patriotic societies demanding his deportation and many labor and liberal organizations aligned in his defense. Wrangling over the issue is interminable and a constant source of embarrassment to the Roosevelt administration. It has been the principal woe of Miss Frances Perkins.

No member of President Roosevelt's cabinet has been so savagely denounced as Miss Perkins. Most of this denunciation emanates from her handling of the Bridges case. Some members of Congress have even sought her impeachment because she has not deported the leader of maritime labor. This brings up a curious situation. Harry Bridges entered the United States from Australia in 1920; a year later he had his first skirmish with the police. Of course, he was an alien then; ostensibly he was a radical. Republicans were in power in the Department of Labor until 1933. They had a dozen years in which to deport Bridges. Why did they not do so? This is a question Miss Perkins' adherents might reasonably ask. Apparently Harry Bridges, while the Republicans controlled the Department, had against him all those counts which the Republicans now insist make his immediate banishment essential to the welfare of the nation.

Bridges' significance and notoriety are out of all proportion to the nominal position he occupies. He is the Pacific Coast organizer of the Congress for Industrial Organization. His followers are almost exclusively seamen and stevedores along the waterfront and lumberjacks in the forests of the Northwest. At least a dozen labor leaders in America hold

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posts of greater responsibility. The importance of Harry Bridges in the national scene stems from his individual characteristics rather than from any titular office. He has made the most radical statements made by any American labor spokesman since the distant heyday of the I.W.W. He was a salient factor in San Francisco's bristling general strike of 1934. Above all, he is an alien who for nearly twenty years has neglected to become a citizen of the United States.

The case of Bridges has been fought in the *Congressional Record*, in countless thousands of newspaper headlines and editorials, in House and Senate committee hearings, on the rostrum before American Legion conventions and C.I.O. meetings. Now, indirectly, it is to be decided by the United States Supreme Court. The high tribunal will review (perhaps before this article appears) a decision holding that membership in the Communist Party is not a valid basis for deportation.

The sustaining of this decision would undoubtedly close the Bridges case, except for a few desultory rumblings. No one Supreme Court verdict would be of more singular political service to the New Deal.

But, if the lower court is reversed, then the government must determine whether Bridges is a communist and, if so, whether he should be shipped back to his native Australia. Such a situation would lead straight into the 1940 presidential campaign. The deportation of the wiry longshoreman would antagonize and disillusion the industrial workers who compose the major segment of New Deal voting strength in numerous key States. To permit Bridges to remain here would lend vitriolic fury to the charge that the New Deal is in cahoots with fomenters of class warfare and labor strife. Either course would be fraught with political peril for the Administration.

Frequently men whose careers are not intrinsically of vast consequence become emblematic of great issues and ideals. A captain in the French army was an international example of racial injustice. Two laborers in Massachusetts became symbols of class brutality. And the continued presence in the United States of Harry Bridges has developed into a question of national scope.

Can an alien rightfully come here and, without accepting the obligations of citizenship, stir up men to militant action and violent hatreds? Conservatives ask this question with grim indignation.

The liberals have an answer. Once establish the precedent, they say, that a man can be deported because he is an aggressive labor leader, and the deportation of men because they are rabbis or priests or poets or scientists or even millionaires may not be far off.

There are so many grave problems entangled in the Bridges hurly-burly that a person as apart from his economic outlook as Dorothy Thompson has written, "If under pressure of the Dies Committee she [Miss Perkins] should deport Harry Bridges, she would be greatly exceeding her duties."

The Fighter

The leader of the C.I.O. along the Pacific Coast is almost totally indifferent to the customs and amenities which manacle most men in the public arena. An alien himself, he did not give a second thought to the consequences of making another alien, Harold J. Pritchett of the Loggers, his second in command. Most of the C.I.O. strategists shivered at this defiance of popular opinion.

Bridges is thoroughly unpolitic in his judgments. With the A. F. of L. and the Legion bombarding him incessantly, he stocked their arsenals of abuse when he delivered a speech endorsing the class struggle. The headlines screeched his alleged repugnance for American ideals, but he seemed as unconcerned as a ship's figurehead.

The prejudices latent in a large portion of the population are never catered to by Harry Bridges. At a mass meeting he said, "When agreements conflict with labor's solidarity, agreements must go." There is something sacred to most people about contracts and other legal legerdemain. Many of these same individuals were alienated further when Bridges observed, "You have to work with communists because communists make good trade unionists."

However much the communists may have agreed with this privately, they were pained when the wiry labor leader said it. They fear he has talked too much already and has made himself as vulnerable as cheesecloth.

The inevitable result of these intemperate remarks has been that Congressman Dies and

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his cohorts contend Bridges not only has cried, "To hell with the President of the United States!" but also once suggested the sinking of American warships.

The imperviousness of Bridges to conventionality is the principal reason he now must spend most of his energy resisting deportation demands.

He came to this country from Australia in 1920 as a seaman. The ordinary procedure would have been to take out citizenship papers immediately. So far as he was concerned, this was especially imperative because of his interest in labor-union activities; he was arrested in New Orleans in 1921 for participation in a maritime strike and three years later he was black-listed along the Golden Gate waterfront as an incorrigible agitator. Not until 1928 did Bridges inform the Department of Immigration he intended to become an American. But he let that notice lapse and never applied for his second naturalization papers. Even when he was a leader of the general strike which in 1934, for a day, had San Francisco as ghostly silent as a frozen waterfall, he demonstrated no renewed concern about his citizenship. In the spring of 1936, at the insistence of friends in the labor movement, Bridges again went through the formality of taking out his first papers. There the matter rests. After nineteen years in the United States he is still an alien.

Yet this scorn for prescription and orthodoxy is a source of strength as well as weakness. Although it has made the slim, angular Bridges seem a Bolshevik monster to the great middle class, it also has enabled him to become a hero to the longshoremen and lumberjacks whose allegiance he commands.

The immigrant from down under moved into power on the Embarcadero at a time when none but unorthodox methods could succeed. For years all attempts to organize the stevedores had been squelched. Men sat for days in company-controlled hiring halls waiting for a few hours' work. The sycophants of a handful of bullying straw bosses got the choice assignments. The stodgy leaders of the A. F. of L. had shown themselves unable to cope with the situation. New strategy was needed.

Harry Bridges provided it. "If you know how to say 'No!' and say it often enough," he observed, "you are going to get somewhere."

He said "No!" to every compromise. He told the men their welfare was not the welfare of their bosses and they must fight for all the gains to come their way. He unloosed hatred and bitterness and reaped a whirlwind of violence.

Yet he won advantages for the workers where softer leaders had failed. Around conference tables his irascible, arrogant personality dominated every discussion. The employers had never met such a man. He was ready to call a strike at the drop of a hat.

George P. West wrote of him in the *New York Times:* "Facing the shrewdest of corporation lawyers, he makes them seem a little helpless by contrast."

In the Ranks

MANY LABOR CHIEFTAINS are aloof and distant from the men they lead. They use a sort of superiority technique and enjoy *filet mignon* and ride in sedans, though their followers eat goulash and travel on streetcars. John L. Lewis owns a stately colonial residence. Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters likes expensive cigars and choice steaks. Phil Murray works in tastefully appointed offices. Dan Tobin of the teamsters has a fondness for trips to Europe. Writers and educators are Homer Martin's favorite company. William Green wears tailored clothes; and John L. Lewis is perfectly at home munching hors d'oeuvres at an ambassador's reception or lunching with Myron C. Taylor. The labor boss of the Pacific Northwest, Dave Beck, has offices more lavish than those of many a railroad president or banker.

Look, then, at Harry Bridges as he stops at sailors' hotels, eats seamen's food, and drives a Ford. See him as he goes on relief during a hard-fought strike and turns back his salary to the union treasury. He is different from practically every other conspicuous leader of American labor in these respects. His office is plain and bare, and his clothes are unpretentious. He makes a fetish of living no more luxuriously than the longshoremen and timber workers whose dues pay his salary. In fact, his objective is that no union official shall receive more money than the average member of his union — "That'd make some of these labor piecard artists hump to help their men," he observes sardonically.

He lives no more lavishly now than when he

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was a winch driver on the San Francisco docks. He would rather hang around a beer parlor on Skid Row than argue over the coffee dregs in some intellectual's study. He has contempt for the people who confine their radicalism to talk and theory. Even the hard-boiled employer is more his sort: *there* is a man of action — someone Bridges can understand.

I have heard A. F. of L. leaders curse Harry Bridges as a vicious wrecker of sound unionism and I have heard steamship-company executives call him a fomenter of revolution, but — and perhaps this is because of the monastic simplicity with which he lives — I have yet to hear anyone impugn his financial honesty or his ethics where money is concerned.

Reticence and caution never restrict Bridges. He is as full of defiance as a water buffalo.

He insolently asks newspaper reporters if they belong to the Guild. Those who do not he treats shabbily and he occasionally refuses altogether to talk to them.

He loves to strut back and forth on the speaking platform with a sort of sailor's walk and in his Cockney voice shout challenges to the foe. Once he shrilled: "And, when I say we're goin' to town, that really means we're goin' to *town!*" The men listening cheered enthusiastically, an enthusiasm perhaps partially inspired by the fact that this bombast and hostility have resulted in higher wages and better working conditions than maritime labor ever had before.

I remember a longshoremen's meeting in Portland which I attended.

A conservative adversary of Bridges was lambasting his leadership. He cited the indolence of the Australian toward his citizenship requirements. He mentioned Bridges' communistic tendencies and the large number of communists who constantly surround him. The speech was making an impression; that was obvious.

Then one of Bridges' adherents jumped to his feet. He uttered only two sentences: "What are you guys kickin' about? Harry's gotcha better pay and conditions, ain't he?"

A roar of approval shook the hall. It was apparent the men who load ships were more concerned with financial realities than political abstractions. Nor is it without significance that the continual charges of Communist Party affiliation have failed to discredit Bridges with the strong Catholic element in the maritime and timber unions.

Bridges remains calm under pressure. He did not get panicky when he was in two shipwrecks off the Australian coast, during his apprentice period as a sailor, and now, at the age of thirty-nine, when Congressman Dies writes a voluminous letter citing his un-American tendencies, he coolly asks: "So what?"

This imperturbability has had results. A man who refuses to be stampeded gets things done. Bridges' enemies detest him, but they have gradually modified their position to meet the challenge he constitutes. Some of the Far West's shrewdest businessmen have decided that the way to oppose a relentless labor agitator who believes in the class struggle is to make the class struggle seem unnecessary to the workers to whom he must appeal.

The San Francisco Employers' Council is an outcome of the Bridges regime. It is symptomatic of a new attitude on the part of employers. This organization recognizes that labor unions are here to stay and that social legislation is an accomplished fact. The old vigilante stuff is out, so far as the Council is concerned.

Already Roger Lapham and Harry Bridges have debated economic issues before a big, well-ordered crowd in the San Francisco auditorium. A tremendous radio audience listened in. Lapham is one of California's leading industrialists.

Even the A. F. of L., implacably though it hates its C.I.O. rivals, has had to edge toward the left, out West, to withstand Bridges. When William Green endorsed Frank Merriam for re-election to the governorship of California, his A. F. of L. underlings in the Bay region laughed at him and supported the victorious Democratic candidate, Culbert Olson. Backing Merriam, who had called out the National Guard in the waterfront strike, would have dumped the rank and file of the A. F. of L. into Harry Bridges' lap.

Democrat or Dictator?

Is Bridges a communist?

For months, Representative Dies — and, before him, the late Senator Copeland — listened to testimony to this effect. Dies believed it, but others may be somewhat more skeptical. All the witnesses have not been of the most reliable sort. One of them also attacked the triumphant candidate for virtually

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every major political office in California. Another, a bull-necked police detective from Portland, did not include a big Silver Shirt rally, at which President Roosevelt was hissed as a "Jew lover," among the subversive activities taking place in his city. Actually, several thorough investigations by the Immigration Bureau have failed conclusively to prove Bridges a communist.

But communist sympathy is another matter. Bridges faithfully follows the Party line — so faithfully, in fact, that some maritime workers are afraid the spidery Australian looks at labor problems primarily from the perspective of the Party and its numerous auxiliaries. Bridges is against union wrecking and for labor unity; but let him find a union in which he thinks "Trotskyism" or "subtle red-baiting" prevails, and he will strew carnage from one end of the union hall to the other.

"Tolerance in any society," Harold J. Laski has said, "depends upon the degree of security felt by those who govern it."

This is the case in the Pacific Coast unions dominated by Harry Bridges. He permits rank-and-file control so long as the rank and file follows his leadership. Dictatorship begins when insurrection starts.

Edward Levinson of the *New York Post*, a sympathetic observer, recently charged that Bridges broke up Local 34 of the C.I.O. Office-Workers, when their union became critical of its international officers.

This is a serious charge. No labor leader in America talks more about industrial democracy and rank-and-file supremacy than Bridges.

Bridges demands tolerance for himself but is inclined to be intolerant of others. In controversy he does not hesitate to call an opponent a "Trotskyite stooge" or "Hearst agent," as he did in a recent tiff with Edward Levinson. He frequently applies the epithet of "phony" to union members who disagree with him. On numerous occasions he supports "rank-and-file control" in theory and subverts it in fact. Most of his important aides he appoints; they are not elected by the unions.

This omnipotence gives Bridges a bravado and faith in himself not easily matched. Joseph P. Kennedy is regarded in the national capital as a master of verbal invective. In Seattle, when he was Chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, Kennedy gave Bridges a furious bawling out for closing the port. His astonishment was supreme when the sloppily dressed little longshoreman stood his ground and dealt as good as he received.

Harry Bridges is a new sort of promontory on the American labor horizon. In his frank admission of class aims and his encouragement of class distinctions, he is more like the clenched-fist agitators of Europe. The support of the average American man and woman he has failed to get; to them he is the epitome of radicalism. But he has won the allegiance of the workers he leads; he has shown them that militancy frequently means fatter pay envelopes.

There is some indication that certain C.I.O. leaders look on Bridges as a liability. They value his strength with the maritime unions and the loggers, but they fear the damage he does the organization among the middle class. Homer Martin of the Automobile Workers' Union has openly called him a communist.

Bridges has thus been "typed" as a symbol of labor insurrection. He looks like a haberdashery clerk and swaggers like a race-track bookie, but most people envision him as a composite of Stalin and Boris Karloff.

Will the government send him back to Australia?

Significantly, many steamship operators and industrialists in the West hope not. They do not like Bridges and they view his beliefs with abhorrence. But they think that Bridges here is safer than Bridges there. Shipped away, he might become a martyr, his memory to be canonized by some unscrupulous labor Anthony with less control over the rambunctious seamen and lumberjacks than Bridges now exerts.

Dorothy Thompson has heard business leaders "advance the idea that if he [Bridges] went, they might get somebody much worse."

The fate of the thin-faced stevedore who advocates the class struggle now rests with the judgment of the Supreme Court and the vagaries of politics, both highly unpredictable in these troubled times.

In an early issue:
Tom Mooney states his political beliefs

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A Primer of Taxes

by **WILLARD M. KIPLINGER**

IF YOU GET SOMETHING from a store, you know what you get and what it costs you.

If you get something from the government, as you do every day, you don't quite know what you get or what it costs you.

In both cases you pay. You don't get it free.

Would you like the store to give you goods and not bill you later but instead have some third person collect some vague amount — all unbeknownst to you?

That's what the government does, and that's what you permit. You simply do not know what you contribute to government.

The chances are you don't pay any federal income tax.

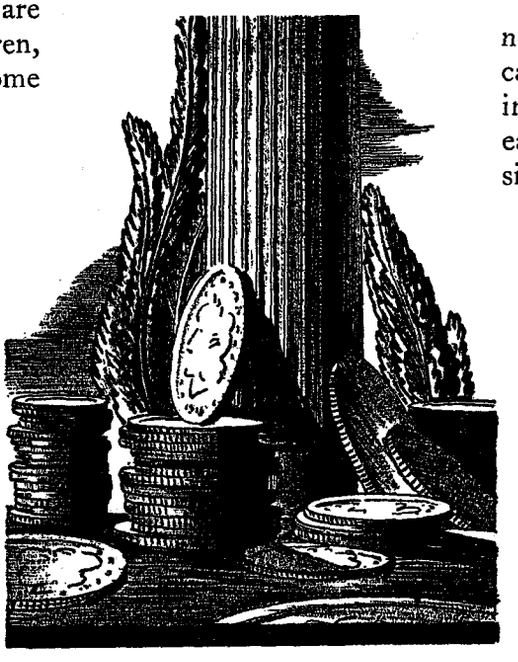
If you jump to deny this, remember then that you are exceptional, a relatively rare specimen, for only one family in twelve pays an income tax. And, if you *do* pay an income tax, you are well above the average, somewhere over toward the "rich" side. And, even if you do, you also pay a lot of hidden taxes.

For purposes of this talk, let's assume that you have a family income of around $70 a week, $3,500 a year, and are married and have two children, so that you escape the income taxes.

What of it?

Well, this of it:

A plan is coming along for consideration in Congress to lower the present exemptions, which are $2,500 for married persons and $1,000 for single persons. The idea is to make more people pay income taxes for the first time and to make the few who are already paying pay more.



Whether this broader tax base is enacted depends on politics, pressures for and against it, what people think. So it's time for you to figure out what *you* think. I'm not telling you what you ought to think. (You can do your own thinking.) I'm merely pointing out a few things which, in due course, you will have to ponder.

First, for perspective, get in mind where the federal government's tax money comes from. Last year the total revenues collected were $6,200,000,000, and here are the main big lump sources:

Income taxes on individuals	$1,300,000,000
Income taxes on corporations	1,300,000,000
Excise taxes, mainly on tobacco, liquor, gasoline	1,700,000,000
Social-security taxes	600,000,000
Estate and gift taxes	400,000,000
Customs taxes (tariff)	360,000,000

Now, for more perspective, another little dab of statistics:

Population of U. S.	130,000,000
Taxpayers, one way or another	130,000,000
Families	34,000,000
Income taxpayers	2,800,000

To dodge statistical technicalities, theoretical complications, and philosophical involutions which might easily drive you crazy, think simply of all taxes as falling into one of two classes:

(a) Taxes on inflow to you; example — income taxes.

(b) Taxes on outflow from you; example — excise taxes, taxes on commodities, things you buy.

Our federal taxes are of both kinds. No one proposes to get rid of either entirely. The proposal is, however, that

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we steer a little more toward inflow, or income, taxes and a little more away from outflow, or excise or consumption or sales, taxes.

One difference is this: The inflow taxes catch you at the point where money is flowing into your pocket or family budget; whereas the outflow taxes catch you at the point where you are spending.

The other difference is this: The inflow taxes are definite, known, measurable, seen; whereas the outflow taxes are apt to be indefinite, unknown, unmeasurable, unseen, in so far as you are concerned.

The reason why the outflow taxes are unseen is that they make up part of the price of almost everything you buy, but you can't stop to figure them out. Large parts of the taxes imposed on business, collected from business, are passed along, are hidden in the price of things, so as to enable some men back along the line to pay their taxes from the price they collect from you — but you don't know how much.

When a manufacturer figures his costs, he includes the taxes he pays and he tries to pass these along as a part of the price. He buys stuff from here, there, and yonder. He pays freight and drayage bills. He hires many kinds of services and pays the bills. There are hidden taxes in all these bills.

This process is repeated in the hands of the jobber, the wholesaler, the retailer. At each of these stages there's an addition to the price, and part of the addition is the tax. Think of anything you buy, and this story applies to it. Sometimes such taxes cannot be passed along, but usually they can — and are.

Obviously prices are higher because they include elements of tax. With your income you can buy only a certain amount of things. The bit of tax, all wrapped up in the price, makes the price higher, is a deterrent to purchases. That's why the hidden taxes are called taxes on consumption.

II

NOW HERE'S THE QUESTION for you: Would you rather pay taxes direct to the government on your income, your inflow, and know how much the taxes are? Or would you rather pay taxes indirectly to the government on the things you buy, your outflow, and *not* know how much the taxes are?

Don't leap to a hasty answer. Remember the pains involved in paying taxes.

It's painful to make out an income tax return. It's painful to get the money ready to pay the government on March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15, just before Christmas. And even in the case of the social-security tax it's painful to find a sum deducted from your pay by your employer, who pays it to the government for you.

On the painless side, it's relatively easy to pay the 6-cent federal tax when you buy a package of cigarettes or the 50-cent tax when you buy 10 gallons of gasoline (10-cent federal tax plus 40-cent State tax — the approximate average for all States). And it's relatively painless to pay a bit of tax on practically everything you buy. Lots of people prefer the painless way.

Before you decide what you think, go a step further, and ask yourself this: Should every individual pay approximately the same taxes? (This would be an extreme.) Or should individuals pay in accordance with their abilities to pay? Chances are you say the latter.

You are willing to pay your share but you don't know what your share is and you don't know what you pay — two different sets of indefinitenesses.

If you like this, you ought to be content with the present system. If you don't like it, you ought to be in favor of some sort of an extension of the income tax, even if it catches you.

Would you like to start paying income taxes, when you have never paid them before?

I don't know about *you*, but just for fun I've asked about fifty of my acquaintances how they felt when they paid their first income taxes. I thought they would say they had squawked.

I was surprised at the answers. Practically all confessed they had a trace of secret pride because they had got high enough up in life to rate as income taxpayers. Of course, they didn't pay much at first and they weren't exactly overjoyed at paying it but they seemed a bit puffed up at the thought of ranking among the few at the top. So my own conversational researches suggest that people really don't mind as much as you might think.

There's an *if* in this: *if* the payment of income taxes relieves the taxpayer from some

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of the hidden taxes. And that's the rub, for the theory and the practice in government are not the same. The theory supporting extension of income taxes calls for corresponding shrinkage of the invisible taxes, particularly the excise taxes. But, in practice, government usually doesn't see its way clear to cut down or cut out the excise taxes, the sales taxes, the consumption taxes.

III

THIS MAKES YOU think of government — of politics.

Fact No. 1 is that our government wants more money and probably is going to get it — somewhere. Naturally you'd prefer that the government get its money from someone other than you. But, even if the levy is nominally at some other point, it works around eventually to your pocket. So you must pay, and there's no escape. (This isn't fully and technically true but it's essentially true.)

The government runs up against two kinds of dangers when it tries to create new taxes or shift them around.

The political danger lies in making a lot of people grumble at the government because of their tax bills. The fewer who get mad, the better. And, the fewer who know they are being taxed, the better. That's politics. And that's why politicians are so skittish about this business of making more people pay income taxes. Don't forget, too, that the level at which incomes are taxed is wholly an arbitrary matter. Congress *could* reach clear down to the lowest incomes.

The economic danger is along these lines: There are things the government just can't do without drying up sources of revenue or causing more damage than the taxes are worth. The government might like to tax the rich some more, for their votes are not numerous. But they are the people who run business, who make business, who make jobs. If excessive taxes kill the big fellows' incentive to make money, they kill jobs for little fellows. So, no matter how stiff you'd like to be, there's a point beyond which it is not *expedient* to go.

Besides, the needed money just isn't there. You might take all the income of the rich, and still it wouldn't be enough to run the government.

Now I'll tell you a catch, a slick trick, in all this talk about broadening the income tax base. If we broaden the tax base by reducing the exemptions, we catch a lot of new income taxpayers and a bit of new revenue from them. But by the same operation we also increase the taxable portions of income of those already paying income taxes. We get some new revenue from the new taxpayers, but we get *more* from the old taxpayers. So, if you are caught, remember that those above you in the income scale are caught far more.

IV

WHO WANTS THIS income-tax extension, anyway? Who is behind it? Well, it's a funny thing, but both conservatives and ultra-liberals are advocating it. Their reasons and approaches are different.

Many persons, including most conservatives, say this: It's a good thing to make more people tax-conscious. Millions of people now think they get things free from the government, but they don't. They pay for what the government gives them. Most of the things from the government are good in themselves, but free individual choice is lacking. Example: You are delighted with the sidewalk installed by the PWA or the WPA, but your share of the cost of it may be the price of a new lawn mower. If you are paying for it (and you are), do you want the sidewalk or the lawn mower? You can't have everything and you must pay for what you get. Would you rather have the government decide for you? Or would you rather decide for yourself?

This argument is bolstered by these facts: The total national income is now supposed to be around $64,000,000,000 a year. The total of taxes collected from people by all our governments — federal, State, and local — is somewhere around $13,000,000,000 a year. Thus about one fifth of income goes into taxes. No citizen escapes. If you make $1, something like 20 cents of it probably goes to pay taxes.

Through taxes, the government takes money from some and gives it to others — to policemen, firemen, schoolteachers, garbage men, road contractors, soldiers, sailors, gunmakers, shipbuilders, building contractors, judges, clerks in public offices, veterans of wars, old folks, farmers, park employees, weather forecasters, and enough other classes and groups to fill a whole page. The money collected in taxes and

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paid out in government expenses isn't "lost." Most of it represents merely a dollar subtracted from someone's income and added to someone else's income; and the addition to total national income is *net zero* — a washout. (But some expenditures are supposed to make additional income, make two dollars grow where one grew before. Perhaps they do. It's a subject of difference of opinion, difference of analysis.)

No one argues that government services are not needed. But some people argue that some of the money would be better used if left in private hands, rather than routed by forced tax through public or government hands. At any rate, the theory is that, if more people were more tax-conscious, they would do more scanning of the uses to which taxes are put and thus produce a higher degree of efficiency in the spending of taxes.

It's a question of whether you are getting your money's worth for the taxes you pay indirectly. Maybe you are. Maybe you aren't. Do you know? Are you concerned about it? Those who advocate shifting toward direct taxes say that you *would* be more concerned if you were conscious of the taxes you pay. They say it would lead to better government, more alert citizenship.

The arguments of some of the liberals have a different tune: Good fortune or bad fortune for the individual is largely the result of a set of circumstances or accidents. If circumstances give you a good income, you ought to carry a larger share of the expenses of government. Thus a sliding scale of income tax is the best form of tax, and this ought to be carried down into the income levels which are not now touched. This is one way of tending toward equalization of opportunity and of tending toward more equitable distribution of income. Also, say liberals, if you get a lot of people accustomed to the idea of paying income taxes, then you can raise these taxes in the future and gradually give the government the additional funds with which to do things now ordinarily done by private initiative. And every person knows that, if we are to get more benefits from the government, the money must come, in the long run, from taxes and not from perpetual borrowings and deficits.

The arguments of conservatives and liberals are not clean-cut and distinct. They get mixed up and crisscrossed, and sometimes they are parallel.

V

In one sense, the so-called consumption taxes are proportional taxes. The more income a man has, the more he consumes and the more he pays in consumption taxes. But tax theorists claim that such taxes fall more heavily on the small-income man, who spends *all* his income, than on the larger income man, who has some margin above his necessitous spending. Hence the urge for some gradual shift away from consumption taxes.

How much does the average-income citizen now pay out in taxes?

There are all sorts of studies and all sorts of estimates. I've looked into some of them and have come to the conclusion that no one of them is necessarily or incontrovertibly accurate. It is my impression, however, that the family with an income of $1,800 a year pays well over $300 a year in taxes, well over $25 a month — mostly indirect, hidden.

You will hear much of what Englishmen pay in income taxes. It's interesting, but I think the comparisons are confusing unless you study deeply both the similarities and the dissimilarities in the British and American systems. We'll get further in the solution of our particular tax problems if we'll stick to our homemade thinking.

Is it proposed to abolish all excise taxes?

Well, many people think repeal is an ideal goal, but very few think in terms of actually doing it. There's practical need of various sorts of taxes, to make a "balanced" tax structure, so that revenues will not go all to pot during economic vicissitudes. The government assumes that it can't be "too scientific," that it must get the dough where the dough can be had.

Here, for example, are the three main sources of federal excise-tax revenues which look too lucrative to be discarded:

Tobacco taxes yield annually.....	$568,000,000
Liquor taxes yield the same.....	568,000,000
Gasoline taxes yield.....	204,000,000

The government likes to have many sources of revenue, so that, if one dries up in hard times, others keep flowing. In a depression period, profits may narrow, and incomes may shrink, but people are likely to keep right

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on smoking cigarettes, drinking liquor, and buying gasoline.

Is the social-security tax an income tax?

There are some who say it is not, that it is rather an "enforced saving"; but the effect is much the same as a tax.

Can't we raise taxes elsewhere? Can't we raise them on corporations?

Yes, that could be done, perhaps, but the tax probably would be passed along to you.

Can't we raise taxes on the "moderate-sized" estates of those who die?

Yes, that, too, might be done.

Can't we raise taxes more on the "well-to-do," as distinguished from the out-right rich?

Yes, that is one plan, probably to be put into effect.

But each of these is a long story in itself, and all of them put together do not obscure the fact that in the long run the average individual pays the costs of government. And that brings us back to face the original problem.

You can talk and talk about ramifications of these tax problems until your mind is tied in knots and you meet yourself coming down the same alley you were going up. But you need not get rattled.

Just answer these questions:

Do you want to know what you are paying in taxes?

Do you think that, the more your income is, the more you ought to pay?

Do you think that, the less your income is, the less you ought to pay?

Did you answer *yes?* Well, that doesn't prove a thing, but it *suggests* that you think well of income taxes and might even think well of their extension to you. It isn't conclusive but it's a clue.

And what are you supposed to *do* about it?

Nothing, except to think about it and talk about it. Talk to your congressman? Well, you're his boss; he's not yours.

Homes that Self-Help Built

by **E. JEROME ELLISON**

FOREMOST AMONG AMERICA'S BUGABOOS, say the experts, is the housing problem. It has stumped the Administration's best minds and swallowed millions of government money. Yet a plucky little group of ordinary American families, most of them dependent on New York City employment, have set about an original way of licking it for themselves.

When I say, "for themselves," I mean more than that. I mean that they have worked out a plan for private, nonprofit homeownership which could be duplicated anywhere else in the United States. And for themselves and for anyone else who is willing to bring spunk, independence and teamwork to the job they have solved the problem of how to own a home without spending much money of your own and without spending any of somebody else's.

The story begins with Ralph Borsodi, a wiry, shock-haired little man whose horn-rimmed eyes regard you sometimes sleepily, sometimes fiercely, as he tells you, quietly, what he thinks.

And what he thinks is of some consequence. By profession he is an educator, but one of the biggest department stores in the world seeks his counsel as an economist. His books reach a wide audience, and he is in constant demand as a lecturer.

Some years ago Borsodi concluded that American cities, with their ugliness and squalor, their congestion and cutthroat competition, were devouring American civilization. Millions of urban families, he knew, steered a precarious existence between the pay check and the relief check. As a human being, he was sorry for

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Lithographs by Wanda Ga'g *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

them. As an economist, he found their problem fascinating. He went to work on it.

First of all he and his wife, a home economist in her own right, set up a self-sufficient homestead, producing by their own efforts almost everything they needed. They kept accurate records of how much each item cost and how much time it took to produce it. As a result, the Borsodis can tell you when you should can your own tomatoes and when it would be cheaper to buy them already canned. They can tell you when you should *buy* your new coat and when you'd beat the game by weaving it on your own loom.

Borsodi knew that everybody can't run a self-sufficient homestead. He doesn't even want them to; it wouldn't be practical. But there is a middle road — a way to work in the city without being entirely dependent on the city's pay check. And that is to own a place that can partially support you if that pay check stops. Convinced that such security could be achieved on a moderate income, Borsodi set out to prove it.

The basis of his plan was ownership of a substantial home on a plot of ground big enough to support a kitchen garden and henhouse, yet not so big as to be costly in taxes or upkeep.

Immediately, three formidable obstacles confronted him: high cost of land, of building, and of financing.

The belt of land around each city, he found, was in the hands of speculators, determined to meet every rise in demand with a rise in prices. Moreover, prospective home builders were required to have in hand the whole price of the land before they could build. Few families in the classes he was trying to help could ever afford this.

The cost of constructing a home was fantastically high. Every union in the building trades, Borsodi found, insisted on shorter hours and higher wages, because of the instability of employment. Contractors aggravated that very instability by building at top speed — because of the high cost of labor!

II

BORSODI WENT after these whoppers one at a time.

With a few men and women who believed in what he was trying to do, he organized, in 1935, the Independence Foundation, a non-profit credit institution for the establishment of homeowners' communities. Borsodi became and still is the Foundation's unsalaried president. Investment in the Foundation is open to banks and other credit institutions, as well as to private investors at 5-per-cent interest rates, in denominations as low as $1. The Foundation borrowed enough money, at 6 per cent, to buy forty acres of farmland near Suffern, New York, an hour's commuting distance from New York City, at an attractive price. Dividing it into 1- and 2-acre homesteads, it sold the land co-operatively. That is, instead of "buying a lot," you became a member of the association which owned the land and you paid your share of the carrying charges and amortization.

An acre of land in a restricted development in this district would cost, through the usual channels, between $1,000 and $4,000. For the sake of keeping our yardstick at an absolute minimum, lets say you get it for $800. Under

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the ordinary setup which the homeowner faces, the $800 must be laid out in cash before you can start to build. Add $186 for a title search and financial and legal services and $300 for architectural and engineering fees and you have spent $1,286 before ground is broken. Then, there will be a high annual cost to keeping this land. First comes interest at 6 per cent on the cost of your acre (if you hadn't been forced to put down $800 on your land, you might have applied it to your mortgage and saved the additional interest charge). That amounts to $48. Taxes on the land and on the $4,200 house you are going to build on it will amount to $110.39. That means an annual cost of $158.39.

Under Borsodi's co-operative plan, all these costs — interest and amortization on land, taxes on land and house, and assessments for improvements — are rolled into a single item, called "land assessment," of $66.96 per year!

After Borsodi had telescoped land charges, he could go after building costs.

He got together a crew of expert building mechanics and presented his proposition. It ran like this. He could not pay them union wages but he could guarantee them employment twelve months a year. On a yearly basis he thought they'd come out with more cash at the end of the year. It sounded all right to the mechanics, so they went to work.

To get a little ahead of the story, they are still at work, only there are twice as many who have learned to like the annual-wage plan as there were a year ago. Last year the average income in the American building trades was reported as $616. Borsodi's men have earned from $1,300 to $1,500 a year for three years and are sure of employment at least a year ahead. They work on a strictly co-operative basis, splitting profits and losses over the contract estimate with the homeowner.

With land and construction in hand, the third problem, financing the actual building, was easier.

In the first place, the prospective homeowner didn't need so *much* money; Borsodi had brought building costs down sharply by his unified organization for nonprofit planning, purchasing, building, and financing.

In the second place, he didn't need such large chunks of cash at any one time. The Independence Foundation financed the house and land, so that no big initial payment was necessary. As a result, people who had hardly been able to pay more than $45 a month for a city apartment found themselves able to become owners of substantial homes.

If you figure on paying off your indebtedness at top speed, say in ten years instead of the customary twenty or thirty, it costs roughly $60 a month to own a $4,200 homestead on an acre of ground under the Borsodi plan. To the family that has it nip and tuck to pay $45 rent on an apartment, this may seem like hastening matters a good deal. Smaller houses cost down to $2,000. Time of payment may be extended.

But remember that Borsodi's plan presupposed a co-operative homesteading manner of living and that the savings effected by this mode of life are large. A properly run garden, for example, can easily cut your food bills 30 per cent. Clothing bills can be drastically cut by a well-planned sewing program. Such economics, at the Suffern project, have been shown to compensate generously for the additional expense, over rent, that the homesteaders are putting into their homes.

III

USING NOTHING but common sense and co-operation, Borsodi's plan goes right to the heart of a problem the government and the FHA are trying to lick with government loans, tax-paid subsidies, and bureaucratic red tape.

Borsodi states flatly that the twenty-year FHA-insured loans solve none of the really pressing problems of housing. To him the FHA is merely an "installment plan" for buying a house, with all the traditional evils of installment buying. It sells young families into "mortgage bondage," where they remain till they are past middle age. It gives still further encouragement to the tradition of superfluous charges and inflated values that have made homeownership nearly impossible for families of moderate income. In other words, it underwrites the real-estate and mortgage practitioner but does not really bring any nearer the democratic goal of small-property ownership by the individual family.

The Borsodi homestead associations are co-operative and self-governing. There is not a nickel of speculator's money in them, not a dime of the government's. The land is administered by a five-member board of homeowners,

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who live on it, elected annually for terms of five years each. If a homesteader loses his job and is in danger of losing his home, this board of his neighbors decides, with one eye on business and the other on human values, whether it shall carry him or tell him to sell. The board has jurisdiction over roads, applications for new homesteads, and the rate of amortization of the housing loans owing to the Independence Foundation.

Various other co-operative enterprises, like community buying of foods, spring up spontaneously. Individual homesteaders may enter or not, as they like, and save money in unexpected ways. Commuting costs, for example, were cut from $16.50 to $8.50 a month by "pooling" the use of automobiles.

People having incomes of from $35 a week up have built substantial modern homes with plenty of land around them, paying for them out of their budgets. There was nothing magical about it; they did it with plain grit, teamwork, and pioneer economy.

At the start of Borsodi's project, some families lived in tents while their homes were being built. Others built their homes in sections, often living for months in what would later be their garages, saving further money by contributing their own labor. Now, homesteaders are housed in an old but comfortable farmhouse while their new homes are a-building. The rent money thus saved goes into payments on their homes.

No family is allowed to bite off more than it can chew. The Independence Foundation does not want foreclosures. It wants happy homes, built of stone to endure 150 years.

From a "sales" standpoint, the thing was an immediate success. The Suffern community of fourteen homes, known as Bayard Lane, is fully occupied. A second development, Van Houten Fields, three times as large, was opened this spring at West Nyack, New York; a dozen homes are building this winter, and eighteen are scheduled for the spring. A third community has just been opened at Ringwood, New Jersey, in the Ramapo Mountains. A fourth is being organized in Westchester County. As the news gets around, an increasing number of letters and visitors arrive at the Independence Information Service (112 East 19th Street, New York City, the Foundation's metropolitan office) from families who want to forsake apartment life without sacrificing city incomes.

IV

But Borsodi's objective lies far beyond a mere plan for buying a home. His main interest is broader; he wants a new American plan of living. He hopes, with Lewis Mumford, author of *The Culture of Cities*, to see our great cities decentralized. He wants people to get back to the land and believes they will be not only happier and healthier there but economically more independent. That does not mean he wants them to be farmers. It means that he wants them to understand the possibilities of a home as a productive economic unit.

And so at Suffern there has been erected a school unlike any other in the world, the School of Living. Its plan for a rational productive, economic life for the American family is not forced on anybody, not even the homesteaders from Bayard Lane and Van Houten Fields. They can take it or leave it alone. Its purpose, to quote from its brochure, is to "demonstrate how productive and self-sufficient living may redress the insecurities of our industrialized and urbanized society." In other words, the School of Living teaches how to reduce your dependence on cash to a minimum.

Besides its function as a training base for homesteaders and for leaders qualified to go out and launch new homestead associations, the School of Living is a research institution. Borsodi's staff of research experts is continually discovering new ways to achieve the more abundant life through practical household economy and good management. The fruits of these researches are available in the School's unique "How to Economize" series of booklets, which discuss thirty-two varieties of household economies, ranging from laundry to poultry, from land purchase to transportation.

The thing that impresses one most about Borsodi's work is that the principles he has worked out can be applied anywhere in the United States. They fit universally the American pattern. Given a group of people who want homes, given a dash of hope and a pinch of skepticism, a lot of teamwork, a tract of land, and an idea, the same thing could happen within a radius of an hour's travel of any city between Miami and Seattle.

In a proved philosophy of home economics like this, a man's home is more than his castle. It is the fortress of his independence.

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The Forum Quiz

This quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, Fred Allen, the radio comedian, scored 82½ on this quiz. A housewife scored 65, a college senior 72½ (answers on page XIV of advertising section).

1. Do you know that the leading producer of documentary (factual or informational) films in America today is a dark-haired young man named:
   (*a*) *Mervyn LeRoy* (*b*) *Mack Sennett, Jr.*
   (*c*) *Pare Lorentz* (*d*) *King Vidor*

2. When your 6-year-old son, named Claude, Clarence, or Junior, says, "Papa, what is the opera *La Boheme* about?" you'd correctly reply:
   (*a*) *"Well, Claude, it's about struggling artists in Paris who'd rather fall in love than paint."*
   (*b*) *"Clarence, it concerns a fat man named Siegfried."*
   (*c*) *"Junior, if you weren't as bright as your father, I'd say it was a little too sophisticated for you. It is a story about a lady of dubious virtue who loved camellias."*

3. There seems to be little doubt these days that, next to the Jews, the Nazi scapegoat is:
   (*a*) *the Catholics* (*b*) *the National Socialists*
   (*c*) *the Junker class* (*d*) *the labor unions*

4. Whoever is fated to enter the White House in 1941 might well ponder the strange fact that:
   (*a*) *every 4th President since Taylor has died in office, and there have been 3 since Harding*
   (*b*) *he will be safe during 1941 because all assassinations have occurred during 3rd year in office*
   (*c*) *every 6th president has been shot; his turn is next.*

5. You can relax now, if you will just check the name of that bright young man who was 18 when he wrote:

   To him who in the love of Nature holds
   Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
   A various language: for his gayer hours
   She has a voice of gladness.

   (*a*) *Lowell* (*b*) *Keats* (*c*) *Bryant* (*d*) *Poe* (*e*) *Pope*

6. Of course you have heard of Passamaquoddy but did you know the exact nature of the project was to:
   (*a*) *put both 'Quoddy falls and tidal power to work*
   (*b*) *harness the tides* (*c*) *utilize the Greenland current*

7. Walking along Hollywood Boulevard in the film capital you bump into (of all people) Alice B. Toklas. To make small talk, you might very well say:
   (*a*) *"Is Gertie going to write for the movies?"*
   (*b*) *"I didn't know vaudeville had come back."*
   (*c*) *"Frankly, Alice, the day of the vampire is over."*

8. Think twice before you decide who was the author of these imaginative lines:

   These I have loved:
   White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
   Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
   Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
   Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
   Rainbows, and the blue bitter smoke of wood.

   (*a*) *Elinor Wylie* (*b*) *Conrad Aiken* (*c*) *Rupert Brooke*

9. Of the women who go to the polls today, few are aware that equal rights were first fought for in this country by a sensitive young housewife named:
   (*a*) *Carrie Chapman Catt* (*b*) *Susan B. Anthony*
   (*c*) *Margaret Sanger* (*d*) *Jane Addams*

10. Italy is now shouting bloody murder about the Suez Canal. What Mussolini and his blackshirts want is:
   (*a*) *freedom of the canal to all ships in time of war*
   (*b*) *one third of the now privately owned stock*
   (*c*) *to transfer its control to an international board*

11. You've known in a general way that you had a liver but did you know its main function was to:
   (*a*) *manufacture white blood cells* (*b*) *secrete bile*
   (*c*) *purify the blood stream* (*d*) *make red blood cells*

12. In the light of post-Munich evidence it appears plain that Germany's much publicized air force is:
   (*a*) *large in numbers but poor in performance*
   (*b*) *superior to the French and English combined fleet*
   (*c*) *inferior to the French and English combined fleet*

13. Confidentially, there's just one true statement lurking among the untrue:
   (*a*) *Ersatz is a condiment used in pickling beef.*
   (*b*) *Two states now have unicameral legislatures.*
   (*c*) *Robert Fechner is the new head of the FHA.*
   (*d*) *Michelangelo was a poet as well as artist.*

14. There is a firstrate French painter working today whose pictures are often inspired by ordinary postcards. His name is:
   (*a*) *Picasso* (*b*) *Matisse* (*c*) *Derain* (*d*) *Utrillo*

15. One interesting fact about the San Francisco World's Fair is that:
   (*a*) *it is located on a (largely) artificial island*
   (*b*) *every building is strictly "functional" in style*
   (*c*) *Los Angeles boosters will be charged double admission*

16. Speaking of the San Francisco Fair, one of the world's great pictures, "The Birth of Venus," is being exhibited. It was painted in Italy long ago by:
   (*a*) *Andrea del Sarto* (*b*) *Botticelli*
   (*c*) *Bellini* (*d*) *Luini* (*e*) *Leonardo da Vinci*

17. Perhaps you can identify the living type designer who has done the most for printing in America:
   (*a*) *Stephen Daye* (*b*) *Frederic Goudy* (*c*) *Bruce Rogers*

18. If asked to describe the current New York legitimate theatrical season, you might well call attention to its:
   (*a*) *good acting, historical plays, and fair musicals*
   (*b*) *poor musicals, Ibsen revivals, many farces*
   (*c*) *classical operettas, poetic dramas, poor acting*

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19. With what is the name Hershel Grynszpan associated?
(*a*) *Polish steel cartel* (*b*) *Czechoslovakian partition*
(*c*) *Jewish persecutions* (*d*) *film industry*

20. University administrators are more concerned over one of these problems than any of the others:
(*a*) *itinerant, wandering or "hobo" students*
(*b*) *the decline of the collegiate shag*
(*c*) *granting of degrees by the WPA groups*
(*d*) *the increase in "labor" colleges, schools*

21. It is generally agreed that the key man in Hollywood, as far as censorship is concerned, is:
(*a*) *Joe Breen* (*b*) *Louis B. Mayer* (*c*) *Martin Quigley*

22. Even sportsmen who take their exercise sitting down know that the main feature of the Hannes Schneider, or Arlberg, skiing technique is the:
(*a*) *erect running position* (*b*) *crouch*
(*c*) *forward seat* (*d*) *tempo turn* (*e*) *gestapo twist*

23. If your eight-year-old daughter, named Maude, Miriam, or Mehitabel, asks you how many players make up an ice-hockey team, you'd quickly reply:
(*a*) *"Five, Maude, and do stop banging the piano."*
(*b*) *"Six, Miriam. Now go on reading* Ulysses."
(*c*) *"Eight, Mehitabel, and they all try to kill their opponents."*

24. Asked to name the "big business" executive who has been most articulate and effective in opposing certain New Deal policies, you would likely think of:
(*a*) *Wendell Willkie* (*b*) *Harrison Williams*
(*c*) *J. P. Morgan* (*d*) *Charles R. Hook*

25. Think twice before deciding what famous Hawthorne novel begins with these ominous lines:

A throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments, and gray steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

(*a*) The Marble Faun (*b*) The House of Seven Gables
(*c*) The Blithedale Romance (*d*) The Scarlet Letter

26. Select the architect among those listed who is the most advanced, revolutionary, or whatever less complimentary adjective you may care to use:
(*a*) *Ralph Adams Cram* (*b*) *Cass Gilbert*
(*c*) *Le Corbusier* (*d*) *H. H. Richardson*

27. Interior-decorating enthusiasts know that the ordinary chest of drawers derived originally from:
(*a*) *bookcases* (*b*) *sea chests* (*c*) *kitchen cupboards*

28. When a man asks another to give him a swizzle stick, one can reasonably expect him to:
(*a*) *drive the pigs into the barn* (*b*) *hoist the sail*
(*c*) *churn some milk* (*d*) *stir a drink*

29. If they were to meet at a party, one of these gentlemen would find it hard talking shop with the others:
(*a*) *Robert Hutchins* (*b*) *John Dewey*
(*c*) *Walter A. Jessup* (*d*) *Thomas Dewey*

30. You are just about to win the local golf club tournament when you find yourself stymied on the green. It is match play. Would you:
(*a*) *ask your opponent to pick up his ball*
(*b*) *concede the hole* (*c*) *pray and play it*

31. "Jaloppy" is the very descriptive term used in the automotive business to describe:
(*a*) *a worn-out used car* (*b*) *a stolen automobile*
(*c*) *a passenger car converted to business use*

32. Few people know that some 17,000,000 people are infested with trichinosis in this country, and fewer still know that one of the dangers is:
(*a*) *For people over 40 it is usually fatal.*
(*b*) *It frequently follows a case of rheumatism.*
(*c*) *It is often diagnosed as some other disease.*

33. In plain language, the term "trepanning" means
(*a*) *removing bone from the skull*
(*b*) *splicing a broken bone* (*c*) *lengthening a bone*

34. As a favor, please fill in the last line of this poem:

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head;
.....

(*a*) *Can it be, you are not very bright?*
(*b*) *Indeed, you do give me a fright!*
(*c*) *Do you think, at your age, it is right?*

35. With your beau of 17, you are sailing up the beautiful Chicago River or the lovely Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn. Suddenly he fixes his eyes on you, and says, "I want to luff." At the tiller, you'd very wisely:
(*a*) *jump overboard and swim for your life*
(*b*) *help him unfurl the sail* (*c*) *reef the sail*
(*d*) *sail closer to the wind*

36. A "sonata" might be briefly defined as:
(*a*) *an instrumental composition in 3 or 4 movements*
(*b*) *a composition in which an original theme is imitated and repeated throughout*
(*c*) *a choral composition in the style of an oratorio*
(*d*) *a wonderful cure for insomnia*

37. The slang expression "behind the eight ball" comes from a hopelessly bad position in:
(*a*) *bowling* (*b*) *pool* (*c*) *polo* (*d*) *billiards*

38. A good many years ago a young chap bumped off his father, married his mother, and was rewarded centuries later by having a psychological complex named after him. His name:
(*a*) *Oedipus* (*b*) *Sourpuss* (*c*) *Narcissus* (*d*) *Odysseus*

39. One of these eminent persons is paired with a lady not his wife:
(*a*) *Ellery Sedgwick and Neysa McMein*
(*b*) *Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester*
(*c*) *Alan Campbell and Dorothy Parker*

40. Not all the answers to this query are correct this time. Just one of these statements is true:
(*a*) *Australia is smaller in area than the U. S.*
(*b*) *Snoring is grounds for divorce in many States.*
(*c*) *Football players live longer than plumbers.*
(*d*) *There are more Greek restaurants than Greeks in the U. S.*

For FORUM Quiz Contest winners, see page XV of advertising section.

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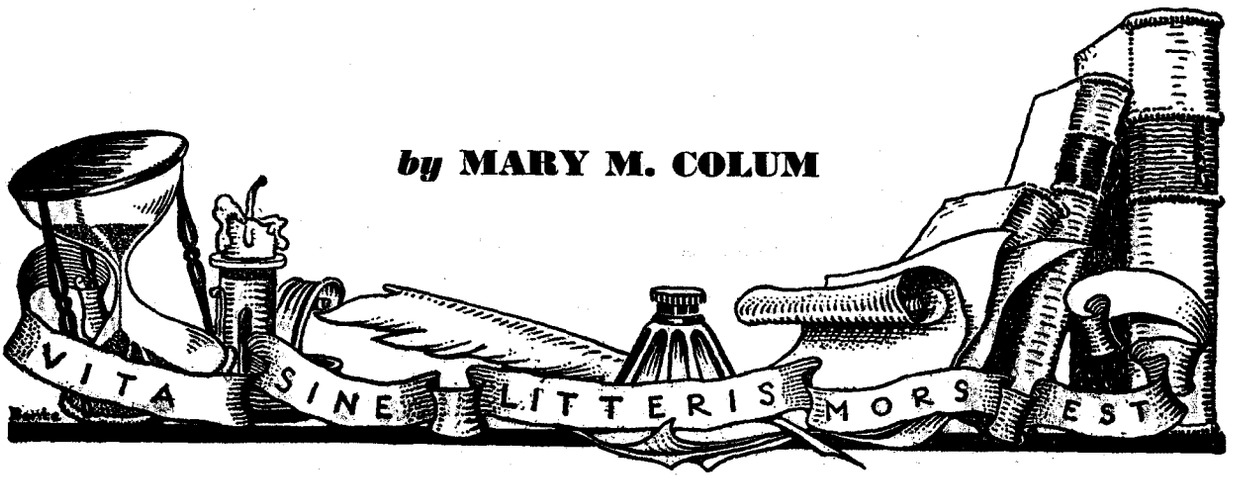
Life and Literature

*Artists and Tradesmen of Letters**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

THERE IS in our time a phenomenon, unnoticed as far as I am aware, that is very significant: this is the tremendous assault that is being made on the idea of "lastingness" as the test of human achievement, as the criterion of human values.

Lastingness, enduring power, has been always the test applied to many things that are the products of the mind, more especially to those that come under the heading of art. That a book or a picture or a statue or a piece of music lasted was an irrefutable test of its merit. Books on aesthetics were full of theories of what makes a work of art, but the real, everyday test up to the present has been: Has time respected it? Has it had enduring power? Of anything new added to the old treasures of art the serious critic would always ask himself: Will it wear? Will it endure the test of time? And the desire of the artist himself was to make something of an enduring appeal — in fact, being able to make such a thing was supposed to compensate for all the drawbacks, the struggles of the artist's life.

These sentiments and convictions went with that belief in immortality that nearly everyone shared in, a belief that, although one's body might die, one's soul or one's shade survived somewhere amongst other shades. Well, I do not believe that the assault on lastingness is going to succeed ultimately, though it may for a time, even for a long time, cause the belief in the importance of enduring power to lapse — and even though all the new political and social ideas have at the back of them the idea that lastingness is but a superstition.

A number of the books before me this month cause one to ponder on the question as to what influence the idea of lastingness has on the present generation of writers. There are before me the autobiographies of two very successful writers, Edna Ferber and Arthur Train, two characteristic magazine writers, both of whom — but especially Edna Ferber — have made large sums of money by writing. There are, besides, in translation, the poems of the great German poet, Rilke, who made but little money by writing; and there is a book on Flaubert and his great novel, *Madame Bovary*, a novel by which its author in all probability did not make as much money as either of the above mentioned magazine writers have made by one short story. (In our minds, too, at the moment there are the circumstances of the death of Yeats, the greatest poet writing in English in our time, who also made a comparatively small amount of money.)

That Flaubert, Rilke, Yeats all wanted to build "monuments of unfading intellect" we know, but there is not a single line in the autobiographies of Edna Ferber or Arthur Train to suggest that either of them wanted to make a

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this issue are:* A Peculiar Treasure, *by Edna Ferber* (*Doubleday, Doran, $3.00*); My Day in Court, *by Arthur Train* (*Scribner, $3.50*); In Defence of Letters, *by Georges Duhamel* (*Greystone, $2.75*); The Patriot, *by Pearl Buck* (*Day, $2.50*); Translations from the Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke, *by M. D. Herter Norton* (*Norton, $2.00*).

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lasting piece of work. Arthur Train quite frankly states that he chose to be a magazine writer. He had to make money to support his family, and the way to do it, he found, was to write for the magazines. The tone of his autobiography differs considerably from that of Edna Ferber's. Within limits, he knows what literature is; he appreciates John Livingston Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu*, one of the most subtle critical works of our time — in fact, he appreciates a good many subtle products of the intellect. But, as far as his own work is concerned, what interest him are the prices it can command. And, like Edna Ferber, he considers the manufacture of magazine fiction "creative" work and coextensive with American literature.

Now anyone who reads at all will realize that Edna Ferber and Arthur Train represent a totally different form of intellectual achievement from that of Rilke or Yeats. Those two poets belong to a class of writer who has a long ancestry; we have had them since artistic expression in language had its beginning. But writers like Arthur Train and Edna Ferber are a modern manifestation. They write to supply a demand, a demand for entertainment and for a sort of knowledge — the knowledge of other people who are the contemporaries of their readers. The nearer their characters are to people their public knows, the more pleasure they give that public. And these writers represent the type of the successful writer of our time — the magazine writer, the story writer who makes a hit in the movies — in short, they represent the trade or business of writing.

Artist and Trade Writer

Now here we have the real, the crucial problem that is before contemporary criticism: to make a clear and comprehensible distinction between writers like Arthur Train and Edna Ferber, in contradistinction to artist-writers like Yeats and Rilke and Frost (or, to come to novelists, in contradistinction to Flaubert or to their own American contemporaries, Willa Cather and Thomas Wolfe), and to make this distinction without throwing any disrespect on the work of the trade writer at all. It wouldn't occur to us to despise a highly successful engineer who had made a great deal of money by competent and useful work, because he had not accomplished something like the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. We ought not to belittle the popular writer for not being something he was never intended to be, never wanted to be.

Yet to make a distinction between the two kinds of work so clearly and at the same time comprehensively that any intelligent person, young or old, interested in literature could perceive it, is enormously difficult. Often, to make a real literary definition takes months or years of thought. I spent a couple of years trying to evolve an easily understood distinction between these kinds of writing and have still not succeeded — this though what I mean is perfectly clear in my own mind and though probably a great many of my readers have clear minds about it, too. Part of the difficulty is in the fact that many trade writers have so much of the artist in them that they might, almost unconsciously, produce works of art if they abandoned their minds to the task.

But it is obvious that, with the disparity of the books before me, I must make an effort to clear up the difficulty. The best I can do at the moment is to begin by taking over a few expressions from Aristotle.

Now according to that ancient there are four kinds of cause in every organism: the material cause, the formal cause, the efficient cause, the final cause.

Applying these to literature, the material cause is the experience the author has been aware of, an experience that may be emotional, intellectual, imaginative, or all together — so much the better if all three together. The material cause might conceivably be the same in kind and even in degree for any sort of writer.

The formal cause is the literary pattern the author takes over — drama, novel, short story, poem; this might also be the same for different kinds of writers.

The efficient cause is the mind of the writer, the maker; here we come to the breaking point between the artist and the trade writer: their minds are not the same. One will get a sharp idea of the difference if one will read, for example, Yeats's autobiography and Edna Ferber's.

But it is when we come to the final cause that the line between the trade writer and the artist snaps in two. Now in a real piece of literature the final cause, the end to which it is directed, is an enlargement of life of a kind which makes us go back, meditate and reflect on the work of literature. Even on the mystery

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and magic that is in single lines men have reflected for centuries. "Put up your bright swords for the dew shall rust them," or, "Dust hath closed Helen's eyes," have that in them which causes reflection and meditation.

It is obvious that the final cause is really owing to the efficient cause; that is, it is owing to the quality of the mind of the writer. This quality is not always owing to a difference of natural endowments: to some extent the difference comes also from the pattern of life in which the writer is brought up and with which he is familiar. Yeats, for instance, was born with poetic genius and artistic intuitions, but his early surroundings conditioned him to an understanding of art and impressed on his mind the idea of lastingness and the importance of making a lasting thing. Brought up in a frontier town by a shopkeeping instead of an artist father, he would still have been a man of great intellectual distinction but he could not have understood so well artistic expression and to what fundamental ideas artistic allegiance is due. Without those early surroundings he might have become a professor of philosophy or of literature or a college president.

Edna Ferber and Arthur Train

Edna Ferber's autobiography, *A Peculiar Treasure*, is a success story, one of the magical success stories of American life. When she was a little girl, the daughter of a small shopkeeper in a Western town, and the hobbledehoys called names after her in the street because she was Jewish, she said to herself, as many little girls and boys have done in like circumstances, "Someday I'll be rich and famous, and you'll want to know me." She did become rich and famous; she came to be so rich that she was able to rent the luxurious penthouse of the match king, Ivar Kreuger, on Park Avenue. She made, as Arthur Train in his autobiography informs us, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars from one child of her brain, *Show Boat* — that is, more than the work of Yeats or Rilke or Frost would make in a century or two.

To what is this immense success due?

Edna Ferber's talent is considerable. She has excellent ideas; not Dickens or Gogol could have got hold of a better idea for a story than that of *Show Boat*. With her vitality she has indeed more in common with these great writers than have the merely literate writers whose novels are published by the score.

But her mentality is limited; she has neither the power nor the inclination to go deeply into anything she is writing about. Palpably she has had no literary training in any real sense; the one poem that she mentions in her autobiography is so bad that one is stupefied to know that it is by Housman.

Open *Show Boat* at any page and one will find a sentence like the following:

> Outside, the redundant rain added its unwelcome measure to the swollen and angry stream. In the ghostly gray dawn the grotesque wreckage of flood-time floated and whirled and jiggled by, seeming to bob a mad obeisance as it passed the show boat.

The conglomeration of adjectives, the jingle of alliteration distract one's mind from the meaning of the sentences, and this occurs over and over again in the pages. Though there is much description of characters and states of mind, there is never any real revelation of them. Sentences purporting to tell of what is going on in people's minds are all external descriptions.

Edna Ferber and her readers may ask: What do these strictures amount to, since she has attained the goal she set out for — to be rich and famous on the one hand and to help to pass the time for an immense public on the other?

It would take too long to discuss this here; I am simply asking now that Edna Ferber's sort of writing should be given its due place; that it should not be confused with the sort of literature whose art can be recognized.

Arthur Train's autobiography, *My Day in Court*, comes out of a higher type of mentality but from a lower vitality than Edna Ferber's. But, like Edna Ferber, he is definitely given over to the trade values of writing.

At the same time, every writer, no matter what final cause he has in mind, should read the last one third of *My Day in Court*, for this contains more matter of importance to the writer than all the manuals. Here Arthur Train, experienced lawyer, investigates the writing career: he explains why it belongs to the extrahazardous professions; he reveals its scanty average returns, which are to be set against its advantages as a way of life; he explains the relation between experience and

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writing material, the relation between the actual personages the author knows and the characters he projects in a story; he shows the difference between the factual rendering and the literary rendering of a happening or an experience.

Arthur Train himself has led a varied life both as a lawyer and a writer; nearly every person or thing he encountered was grist to his mill; he is emphatic about writers' making "contacts" and correspondingly reserved about the value of an interior life. Like Miss Ferber's, his model for a writer is a fiction writer, the writer for magazines — meeting a variety of people may be essential for them. But Flaubert, a great artist, found that a little of life, lived intensely and well pondered-on, went a long way.

As in the case of all the popular writers, Arthur Train, for all his wide reading and all his intelligence, is confused about the status, the art, the value of literature; this confusion is neatly revealed in a single sentence: "It is indisputable that, in quantum at least, the purveyors of women's fashions gave a final boost to American literature." What he means is they gave a boost to the manufacture of fiction, placing it amongst the commercial products of the country.

Responsibilities of Artist-Writers

To those who have read either Arthur Train's or Edna Ferber's autobiography, I should earnestly commend Georges Duhamel's *In Defence of Letters*. This book is intended, first of all, to recall to the public the understanding that its most important possession is culture, a culture that has been handed down to it, and that the main vehicle of that culture is still, as it has always been, the written word. *In Defence of Letters* is made up of pointed essays dealing with the problem of the survival, in the present-day world, of culture.

In the first essay, after noting the influence of the radio and the cinema on the average man, Georges Duhamel points to a state of mind which the popular story writers not only accept but exploit. "A hopeless confusion is growing up in the mind of the average man between information and understanding, between entertainment and knowledge." And he notes that "the intellectual leaders of our time have not yet begun to give vigorous utterance to their uneasiness about this dangerous confusion." Culture by its very nature demands an effort, an effort which our present-day civilization seems anxious to spare people; in short, as he says, "everything is made to aggravate a terrible modern malady . . . the decadence of attention."

In other essays he recalls to us that we cultivate our minds by reflecting on what we have read or seen or heard. Reflection is a state the civilized man must learn to attain to. "Only books allow us this deferred but indispensable reflection." And this is why a culture based on the cinema and the radio and, one may add, the popular stories in the magazines can never be a flourishing one. "We never feel the need of criticizing or testing or developing or, I might even say, of understanding them properly."

In Defence of Letters tries to recall men of letters to an understanding of how essential to society their profession is and to urge them to take it seriously. Today, when writers are required to enter unions, to put their names to political manifestoes, it would be well for them to read two particular essays in this collection; it would spare a good deal of ill will in the world if our writers, our intelligentsia, would take advice given here. "Like aloes which wait for years before flowering, writers should patiently investigate the causes they intend to assess."

Pearl Buck as an Artist

It sometimes happens that a writer who has his or her mind fixed on lastingness can gain a large public. This has happened in the case of Pearl Buck. A peculiar thing about this writer is that, when she writes about the East, she is undoubtedly an artist but, when she sets the scene of her story in the West, as in *This Proud Heart*, she is merely a pretty good trade writer.

As one reads *The Patriot*, one thinks of the medieval Chinese novel that she has translated, *All Men Are Brothers*, or one thinks of the story back of the *Willow Pattern Plate;* for, like all works of art, *The Patriot* is related to other works of art that have gone before it. It begins with a statement that might be the opening of an old-world tale: "There lived in the city of Shanghai, in the fifteenth year of the Chinese Republic and in the Western year 1926, a rich banker whose surname was Wu, who had two

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sons." It is with the fortunes of the younger of these sons, I-wan, and with Tama, the Japanese girl whom he loves, that *The Patriot* is concerned.

We are made intimate with the young people of a Chinese and Japanese household, who are fated to fight each other; with the family of Wu, living in the great house that the Westernized grandfather had built; and with the family of Muraki, living in the garden-surrounded house in Japan. In the Wu household we get to know old General Wu, with the uniforms and decorations that he has had copied from those of foreign personages, and his opium-smoking wife, who drenches the house with a perpetual smell of opium, disgusting her modern young grandson. We get to know Wu's son, the bank president, the two grandsons — the idealistic I-wan and the corrupted I-ko. In the Muraki household we get to know three generations of Japanese; we get to know the mind of a modern Japanese girl, Tama, who, in spite of her love for Wu's grandson I-wan, is ready to do her part to serve the Emperor to the point of marrying an old Japanese general whom she dislikes.

In the projection of Tama, a memorable revelation of Japanese character is brought to us. There is the passage in which I-wan, the man of an individualistic, uncontrolled people, ponders on his Japanese wife as, after the outbreak of hostilities between their two countries, she sleeps beside him.

> Did she, he wondered, really have no will of her own? . . . What was that deep, steady persistence in her except the solidity of will? And yet, as he pondered it, he perceived that it was less her own will, her individual will, than it was something else — not tradition, because she was not slavish to tradition. . . . It was some solidarity of instinct which he did not understand because he had never seen it until he came here.

I-wan leaves Japan and his Japanese wife and goes back to his own country to take part in the struggle that the Chinese are waging against the Japanese invaders. Here we are brought into contact with leading personalities in modern China, some of them familiar to us from the newspapers, such as Chiang Kai-shek and his wife. The Generalissimo sends I-wan to influence the Communist army to make a common front with him. There I-wan dramatically finds that the officer he has to deal with is his school-revolutionary friend, En-lil, the student under whose influence he had once given allegiance to communism and who had married his grandmother's bond-maid, Peony, the girl who had loved him.

The book ends with a sense of desperate struggle going on, a struggle which, one divines, will end with a new China, new psychologically and even geographically. Chiang, at the end of the story, has asked his wife to show him the map of the new road to Burma, and the conversation about the road makes a great impression on I-wan: "What if the real country his sons would know was this new inner China, looking not seaward but across the mountains to India? Who knew? But who knew anything?"

When Pearl Buck writes about such people as these, she is an artist, telling us new and profound things, things that we have not known before. If, as Duhamel tells us, it is the business of a writer "to make acts of cognizance to the best of his ability" and if, as he says, a writer is fulfilling his social function when he helps us to a better understanding of the world and the people in it, Pearl Buck, in *The Patriot*, appears as a real writer.

The Tragic Sense of Life

Rainer Maria Rilke has a place with the three or four great poets of our time. He does not concern himself with the external aspects of modern civilization. A great deal of his poetry comes out of his susceptibility to tradition as enshrined in art, in monuments, in historic cities. The everyday world exists for him, but it takes its significance from — to use a phrase which Yeats used in another sense — "monuments of unfading intellect." His is the poetry of a man who was born beside the cathedral and the art gallery in an Old World city and who has inherited the culture of centuries.

So much comes to him through his eyes that one might say he is one of the most visual of all the poets. All his poems have a legendary quality: he writes a song for a beggar, a dwarf, an orphan, an idiot, a drinker; and these are all figures we can put beside a picture or a piece of sculpture. But Rilke is not only visual — he is reflective, sometimes so reflective that his spontaneity suffers. His imagery is extraordinary; his St. Sebastian under the arrows is

> Far withdrawn like mothers when they suckle,
> And bound unto himself like a wreath.

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The present translator of Rilke, Mrs. M. D. Herter Norton, has adopted an interesting method of presenting this poetry in English. She does not attempt verse form nor does she attempt to reproduce the rhythm and the rhyme. She translates the poems simply, careful to give the imagery and the phrasing that is so characteristic of Rilke. On the opposite page she gives the original, and, even with an elementary knowledge of German, by the help of this clear translation a reader can understand Rilke's creation. This seems to me to be the best way of translating poetry from another language. Anybody who wants to understand modern poetry must read Rilke, and this translation is to be recommended.

If I were asked what poems of Rilke's would be characteristic enough for an anthology I should name three that follow each other in *The Book of Pictures*. In each we have Rilke's intense vision and his nervous, tragic sense of alienation.

In "The Neighbor," the sound of a violin evokes for him the cities he has gone through, the nights, the lonely neighbor who made music, and the rivers the violin players might have drowned themselves in if they had not had their music.

"Apprehension" is about hearing the call of a bird in a withered wood, a call which, though meaningless there, draws into itself all existence. This is a characteristic of Rilke's poetry — how much of existence he is able to get into a few lines.

The third, "Lament," has the sense of the universe of space and time made suddenly apparent to an isolated human being. The translation of it is a fine example of Mrs. Norton's method:

O how are all things far
And long gone by!
I believe the star
From which I get radiance
Has been dead for thousands of years.
I believe, in the boat
That passed over,
I heard something fearful said.
In the house a clock
struck. . . .
In what house?
I would like to step forth out of my heart
under the great sky.
I would like to pray.
And one of all the stars
Must really still be.
I believe I would know
which one alone
has endured.
which one like a white city
stands at the end of the beam in the heavens. . . .

God's Great Grasshopper

Before the early frost came down
To coat grey twigs with icy fur,
I saw the green and mottled clown.
I heard him, God's great grasshopper.

The ants are provident and wise;
Their blood is acid, and there is
No speculation in their eyes.
There was a full-moon glaze on his.

The red leaf and the yellow fall
Till God's great darkness hides us all.

Gordon Lawrence

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The News Abroad

A Gleam of Hope

by **VERNON BARTLETT**

"The French army," said President Roosevelt recently in a statement that has been subsequently denied but not disbelieved, "is the American's first line of defense."

The same might have been said by a British statesman about the Spanish army. Those ragged troops have held up those dictators who naturally desire the destruction of the British Empire. If Europe avoids a major war or England avoids a major capitulation, much of the thanks should go to the Republicans in Spain.

You know the story of Mr. Chamberlain's fresh visit to Munich to see Herr Hitler?

"I asked you to come," said the Führer, "because I want colonies."

"But what colonies?" asked the Prime Minister.

"Java," declared Hitler.

At this Chamberlain threw up his hands in horror, since he could do nothing about the possessions of an independent state like Holland.

"If I don't get Java," said Hitler, thumping the table, "I shall go to war."

Chamberlain, observing that this put quite a different complexion on the matter, promised to bring all his influence to bear on the Dutch.

The same tragicomedy was played out over the German claim to the Belgian Congo.

Then Herr Hitler unbent. Chamberlain, he said, was the first Englishman he had ever met with a real understanding of the legitimate needs of the new Germany — the first Englishman, in fact, toward whom the Führer had a genuine feeling of friendship. That being so, would not his friend Neville give Adolf a personal souvenir? Say the famous umbrella?

"My umbrella?" shouted the Prime Minister, thumping fist on table in his turn. "Never! That's *mine!*"

And one has the impression that even the Prime Minister, having no more Czechoslovakias, is approaching the point at which he will reject demands for further concessions. "Never!" he will say, "That's mine!"

For perhaps the first time in years there is a glimmer of hope that the demands for further concessions will never be made or, rather, that they will be made in language which will make it possible for the rich democracies to consider them without the fear that, by doing so, they are preparing to commit suicide.

The Spanish venture has given German-Italian pilots invaluable training in warfare, but it has also been a terrific drain on the military and financial resources of the two countries. German troops have been concentrated along her western front during recent weeks, and there have been many alarming rumors about military preparations; but the reaction of German opinion to Hitler's last important speech was even more remarkable than the reaction to the crisis last September. There is no enthusiasm at all in Germany over the discovery that the Führer's friendship for the Duce amounts to an alliance between Germany and Italy, and there is a great deal of bewilderment over the discovery that the task of uniting all the Germans involves military intervention in Spain.

German officers have been reported in the Italian colony of Libya and there is a lot of smuggling of arms across the frontier to the Italians and discontented Arabs in Tunisia. It should be quite possible for the "axis" powers to organize a revolt against the French there; but one imagines it would be at least as easy for the French to organize a revolt in Libya by the Senussi.

In southeastern Europe the resistance to totalitarianism put up by Jugoslavia, Rumania, and other states who did not follow the Czechoslovak example of turning to the great British and French democracies for protection is more stubborn than had been expected; and neither Berlin nor Rome has any reason to rejoice over the downfall of Stoyadinovitch.

With a more orthodox financial policy and a belated awakening by the Right parties to the

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dangerous importance of Spain, France is less divided and more confident.

There is a last important factor which at the time of writing is still a matter for speculation. The curious incident of the surrender of Minorca, when Italian pilots broke General Franco's word for him by bombing the island while negotiations for its transfer from Republican to Nationalist control were in progress on a British cruiser there, certainly suggests that Italy has doubts about the General's gratitude.

And Franco, in turn, may well have doubts of his own. If the Italians and Germans really intend to leave Spain to the Spaniards, they should surely have rejoiced that the surrender had been arranged; but the anger expressed in Berlin and Rome shows very plainly indeed that they have not, as so many naïve persons appear to believe, intervened just out of love for Franco.

Furthermore, the withdrawal of Italian and German troops would not necessarily mean that the danger of handing over Spain to the potential enemies of the British Empire had come to an end. There would be nothing to prevent German and Italian engineers from building fortifications and submarine bases and airfields.

But there is just a chance that the notorious xenophobia of the Spaniards, combined with General Franco's own monarchical leanings, will lead him to prefer the relatively disinterested friendship of the British to membership in the anti-Comintern group. With that thought in mind, Signor Mussolini must hesitate anxiously between three courses. Shall he order his troops to stay where they are, at the risk of precipitating his quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain? Shall he withdraw them, in order still to squeeze advantages out of the British while encouraging his partner of the axis to send more Germans to take their place? Shall he and Herr Hitler now withdraw, in order to retain General Franco's gratitude and good will against the day when they will become priceless assets in a new world war?

The indecent haste with which the British Government has intervened on behalf of the Spanish Nationalists, after declaring for two and a half years that it could not intervene even to the extent of allowing the legitimate government to buy arms, will long be remembered with resentment by every democrat; but it is possible that the British Government will prove itself better than either of the great totalitarian powers at the game of distorting principles to its own selfish ends. It is no lasting consolation, however, to discover that British policy can be as selfish and cynical as that of those two great adventurers. In that way war may be postponed, but it cannot be prevented.

If Europe is to escape domination by fascism and if the British Empire is to escape collapse, England must follow a policy that arouses the hope of the smaller states, such as Jugoslavia and Rumania, who are still putting up a struggle to maintain their independence. Such a policy would win back the confidence of the democracies who would otherwise surrender and, in surrendering, destroy Britain's own vital fortifications. It would check the present Russian tendency to make a deal with the radical fascism of Germany and Italy rather than with the much more reactionary variety that is gaining ground in Great Britain and France. It would encourage the United States to remember that a war in Europe must inevitably develop into a world war.

For in the last resort the greatest hope of peace is the attitude of President Roosevelt and his State Department. Germany could face the risks of war with any hope at all only if she were convinced the fighting would be over in a very few weeks. Despite the considerable acceleration in British preparations, a lightning attack by the fascists might succeed if it were to break out just now. It could not possibly succeed if the resources of the United States were to be placed alongside those of Great Britain. That is the all-important question for the British Empire today — in the event of war, would the United States intervene in time to save Great Britain and France from unparalleled destruction?

Quite obviously the answer must depend in large measure on British and French policy. In the Czechoslovak and Spanish crises Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier have failed to win American sympathy and respect. It is not enough that Herr Hitler has made himself even more unpopular. If British policy strikes the rest of the world as a selfish, dog-in-the-manger attitude, other nations will rightly hesitate before they decide to intervene on England's behalf.

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GOVERNMENT SPENDING: Success or Failure?

Two Points of View

I — Toward Permanent Prosperity

***by* DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE**

THE ADMINISTRATION recommends a spending program to help business. Back of this recommendation is the experience of the past nine years, that seems to prove, as far as it goes, that federal spending is the only successful method of creating prosperity.

From 1929 to 1933 the federal government tried hard to economize. Business sank lower and lower; federal revenues withered away; and the budget showed no signs of a balance.

From 1934 to 1937, the federal government spent considerable sums for relief and public works, in order to save the unemployed from starving or from losing skill and morale. In spite of a common belief that we could not spend our way into prosperity, business improved; the federal revenue rose; and the budget began to approach a balance.

In 1937, under pressure from friends and opponents, the Administration, instead of balancing the budget by heavier income taxes, began to taper off its expenditures, hoping that this evidence of economy would encourage business to expand and take on more workers. But business had been betting on further public spending; when the policy was changed it promptly went into a tail spin.

Whatever may be the interpretation of these events, they stand as historic facts — two attempts at "economy," with deepening depression; one period of spending, with rising prosperity. Whatever the cause may have been, spending succeeded, and "economy" failed.

When we attempt to explain why the spending program succeeded and the economy programs failed, we run into certain facts of science and engineering that have not been given the attention they deserve.

As everyone knows, business prosperity depends on our keeping our money in circulation. When people or corporations save money, they naturally try to invest it. If the money is invested, it goes back into circulation by way of the capital-goods industries, and prosperity is maintained. Our total savings before 1929 were about $15,000,000,000 a year.

Science and invention have changed considerably in the past forty years. In the nineteenth century, it was generally true that, if a factory wanted to double its output, it had to duplicate machinery and buildings, practically doubling its capital. So we got used to the idea that any increase in productive capacity must necessarily require a corresponding increase in capital investment. This, however, is not always true under modern conditions.

Since 1900, with greater use of electricity, invention has turned toward automatic instruments. The thermostat and the "electric eye" are the best-known examples. At the same time, new management methods, such as the straight-line arrangement and the Taylor system, were invented and developed. Auxiliary machinery, including conveyors and superheaters, grew in importance. Great economies were also made possible by invention of new ways to save by-products.

Today, therefore, in considerable sections of industry — and also of agriculture — great additions of productive capacity can be made by small additions of capital. This new element in business has grown more important since the war. In the 'twenties the capital actually used for capital goods was not increasing to match the available savings. These facts are well established, but their meaning has not been fully realized. The chief result of this change in technology was that several billion

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dollars of savings each year had to be put back into circulation by some other means than through capital-goods construction.

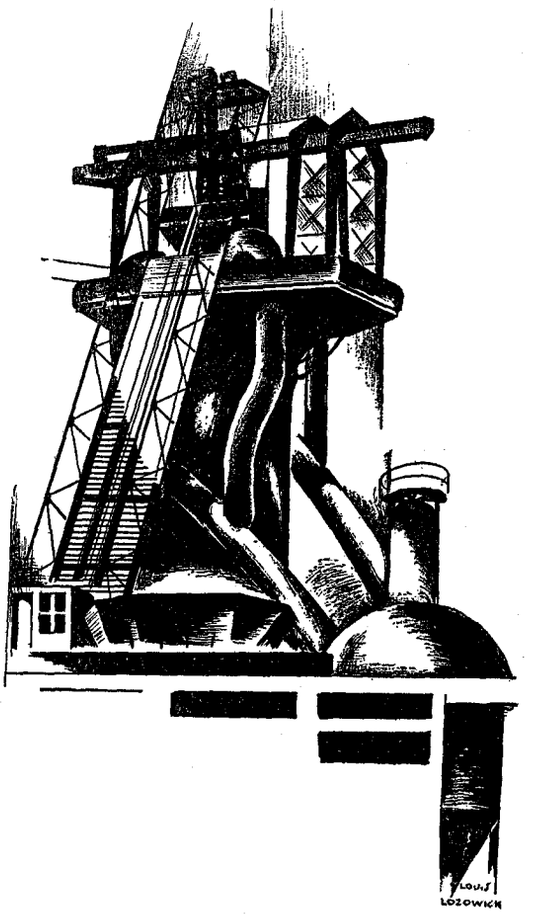
After the depression of 1921, we had a recovery based on legitimate expansion of capital-goods industries, catching up with the construction that had been delayed by the war. But, when this legitimate work began to taper off, the financial system had to offer other kinds of investment to redistribute the large mass of savings, over and above the yearly capital requirements of industry. The excess savings were led into overbuilding in various cities; overexpansion of certain industries, such as soft coal and textiles; unwise fly-by-night ventures doomed to failure; and expanded consumer financing. The consumer financing included foreign bond issues destined to be repudiated and a large amount of installment selling that mortgaged the future markets and helped to deepen the depression later on. There were also a number of high-powered swindles that helped to dissipate capital and turn it into buying power, but the dishonesty of a few men in Wall Street was not the main cause of the collapse. The system would have broken down anyhow. This was "normalcy," a temporary prosperity based on recirculating surplus savings by investing them in securities that could never pay back the investment. It was spending for prosperity, but it was concealed under the form of investment and therefore bound to end in panic.

II

We cannot escape the facts of technology. Industry can never absorb the large amount of capital that individuals and corporations can easily save. The amount of capital that can be profitably used is also limited, as the Brookings reports have pointed out, by the amount of spending. The more we spend to buy the products of business, the more capital business can carry. But the amount of new capital needed for any given level of production is growing less as technology advances. We shall necessarily work under these conditions, because we cannot go back and wipe out the new technology.

Three ways of putting unneeded capital back into circulation are open to us.

The first way is to call off the New Deal and try normalcy again. This way would create



prosperity for one or two years by legitimate capital investment, while we build up industry where it has fallen behind since 1929. Then we should have to go on again to new kinds of phony investments, based on "confidence," or forgetfulness of what happened before. The possibility of finding enough unwise investors to repeat the prosperity of the 'twenties seems small. Even if it could be done, the danger of revolution afterward should be kept in mind. The conservatives who urge a return to normalcy do so, however, not because they want to bring on a fascist revolution but because they have not appreciated fully the far-reaching effect of science and invention in limiting the legitimate need for new capital.

The second possibility is to provide employment and profits through an immense military program that would use up all the surplus savings that business could not otherwise find room for. This is the method adopted by the fascist states and unwillingly followed to a large extent by those democracies who are threatened by fascist powers. So far as creating prosperity, it works, because it is spending, and spending makes business. But it is spend-

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ing for destructive purposes; it wastes materials and labor and creates a prosperity that does not bring a high standard of living. Americans will not generally want to solve the problem of prosperity by adopting a fascist dictatorship; but, if we fail to solve it some other way, we may be pushed into fascism.

The third possibility is the development of a peaceful form of patriotism that will make us willing to spend money in improving our own country. Everyone is in favor of soil conservation, because the need for it is well recognized. The needs for useful public works, for reforestation, for better rural schools, for public health, for old-age security will also be accepted as realities when the public knows more about them. Our country has been seriously neglected at many points. We ought to begin taking better care of it. We can put money in circulation, by spending it for this purpose, without the unsound features of normalcy or the dangerous features of fascism.

In order to make any one of these three methods work permanently, there has to be some way to pay the costs. Under normalcy, the costs were paid by investors' losing their money. In a spending program, if it is to continue, the costs must be paid by taxation. Our income-tax rates in America have been weak, as the Tory government of England has shown us by its repeated increases in the British rate. Experience shows that each dollar spent by the Government adds about $2.50 to the income of the people. The people can therefore afford to pay the costs of prosperity out of the proceeds. The debt burden built up in the early stages of our spending program is small compared with the $400,000,000,000 of business liabilities in 1929. The government has an excellent chance to collect taxes enough to carry its debt. It has a chance to set up a permanent prosperity, a chance impossible under the debt burdens of "normalcy."

A sensible program would seem to be one based on useful recirculation of money. Let us encourage as much private investment as industry can take without letting off an intolerable amount of bankruptcy and capital loss. But let us not fool ourselves into thinking that private industry can safely redistribute unlimited amounts of capital. The excess has to be disposed of in some way. To avoid disposing of it by phony investment or by militarism, the soundest method seems to be to take it by taxation and use it for conservation and building up of national resources. Experience shows that public spending for constructive purposes not only creates prosperity but also adds largely to the material and human strength of the nation.

II—Still in the Laboratory

by **J. GEORGE FREDERICK**

FRIEND AND CRITIC alike of government "pump priming" must face the fact that its competence to break serious depressions is not yet clearly demonstrated. If we are to be genuinely scientific in our study of economic conditions, we dare not take the "panacea" attitude but must take the laboratory one.

When we assume a really objective attitude toward pump priming, we encounter, first, the fact that in the 1920–1923 period of depression there was no thought of great government spending as the necessary way out; yet we made a quick recovery.

Before we pass this fact by as dealing with only a lesser, narrower depression, we should recall that conditions outside this country during that period of strong recovery were very discouraging; throughout the world there had been the gravest kind of crisis and very deep depression. Still, the tide turned in the United States without outside help.

Any detailed study of the period 1920–23 will not, I think, present a strong argument for pump priming today. Other factors were responsible for the recovery then, the chief of which was an unbroken spirit in business.

Scant reason exists to suppose that the 1933–38 depression period was remedied in highly effective degree by pump priming.

The great spending program began in De-

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cember, 1933. The first rally, March to July, 1933, was in very large measure a natural, inevitable reaction from extreme panic and depression. In the later phases of this first great rally there was, moreover, a sudden rush to produce before the NRA codes and the processing taxes could be applied. When these were applied (July and August, 1933) the production curve turned sharply downward. It was not until December, 1933, that we saw the sudden abandonment of the economy program and great spending for pump priming. Monthly federal expenditures jumped from $505,000,000 in November to $703,000,000 in December and $956,000,000 in January, 1938.

What was then the effect on business of this vast amount of spending?

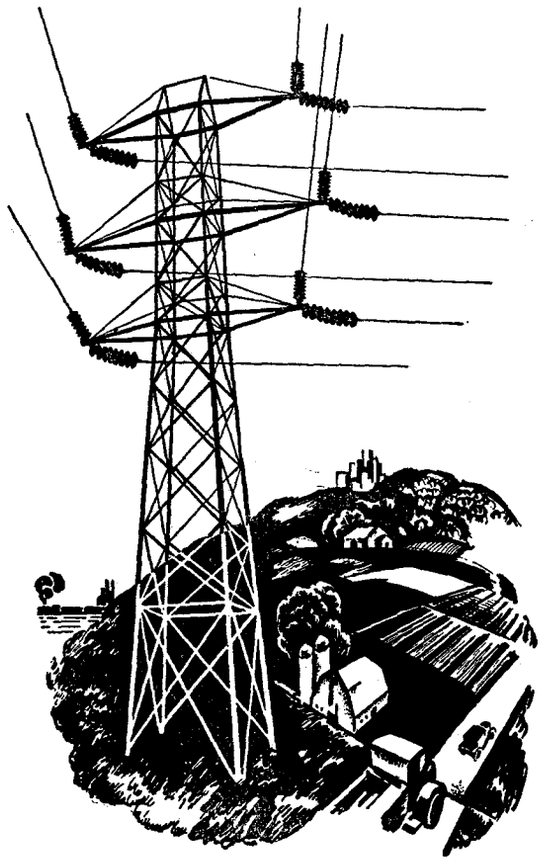
If we credit all the business history of the ensuing ten months to the spending, the record, it must be admitted even by well-wishers, is disappointing. According to the Federal Reserve index, business rallied from 72 in November, 1933, to 86 in May, 1934. This record gives the pump primers their present high opinion of the method. But what of the fact that the curve then turned sharply downward, by September dropping back to 71, 1 point below the November level at which it started? The pump-priming enthusiasts do not talk much about this.

Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank of New York, says:

> This episode in our very recent history should surely shake confidence, on the part of those who have it, in pump-priming through Government deficits as a certain means of bringing about large or lasting results. Not only did it bring business back to a point below where it started, but it damaged Government credit. There was a panic in Government bonds in September, 1934.

In the next period, after September, 1934, a business rally began, running to February, 1935, and reaching a Federal Reserve-index level of 90 (still 10 points, however, below the best 1933 level). A decline until May pushed it back to 85. Then the Supreme Court invalidated the NRA, following which there came business improvement, moving up to new highs in 1936 and 1937, though still with heavy unemployment. Then came a recession, with extraordinary suddenness.

This is the government spending record to date, except that some stimulus was noted from the 1938 spending program because of the much increased speed and boldness of it. It does not furnish very ample connective justification for the heavy-government-spending theory, which still remains experimental. Experimenting on so vast a scale with an unproved theory cannot be said to be very scientific, whatever else may be said for it along humanitarian or other lines — and there are some such points to be conceded.



II

If government spending has no major efficacy for lifting us out of the depression, *what has?* This is a fair question to ask.

In the first place, we dare not overlook the major psychological factor, the enterprise spirit. Flatly, we have had in the past five years or more a very serious cracking of morale. America had grown a bit spoiled and soft and couldn't "take" the catastrophe visited on her. We have a task of rebuilding morale.

Businessmen, in my opinion, lost their power of "offensive." They did more whining and political name calling than I think became them. But they (it is an excellent sign) are now thinking more virilely about "recapturing the lost sales offensive."

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It may well be that public spending has, on balance, contributed something to morale, especially in smaller businesses; but among "big" businessmen it has had the reverse effect, for businessmen in the higher brackets are too conscious of the present and future costliness of the method and of the specter of insolvency which always hovers near huge government deficits.

In the second place, the 1920–23 period, I think, gives us a strong clue in the fact that *wages were flexible*. Average wages broke from an index figure of 229 to 204 between 1920 and 1922 but rallied again to 213 in 1923 — and continued to rise to 226 in 1929. Yet, from 1921 to 1923, output per wage earner increased 13.6 per cent, as against a rise of only 2.6 per cent between 1914 and 1919. Furthermore, there was an increase of 30 per cent in the number of wage earners in 1920–23, showing that the technological improvement was not accompanied by a falling off of employment in manufacturing. Rapidly improving technology not only failed to create unemployment but generated an immense employment increase.

We should note the significance of the fact that the spurt in technological progress came not at the end but at the beginning of the great boom period, 1921–1929. Thus we may be encouraged when we note that one of the very promising factors at present is the existence of a great body of new technological ideas and inventions which have not yet been generally applied because the application will involve capital outlay and because, under the circumstances which have prevailed since 1929, capital outlay has been discouraged. With a more virile, less politically frightened and noncooperative attitude, there could come a great advance in industrial rehabilitation. There are signs that this is now emerging.

Thus the contention that technological advance has resulted in greatly reducing the need for capital is not borne out by the facts. There is quite a prodigious potential field for capital awaiting fully healed mental attitudes and a realistic acceptance of the new public point of view. Modern industry demands, for technological excellence, an increased — not a decreased — volume of capital investment per worker. In a great mechanized plant like Ford's this figure is close to $10,000.

There is actually a similarity between today and the 1921–23 period, in the fact that, during the war-harassed period, industry did not have time to keep up with the technological pace, which had been doubled and trebled by the war impetus. In the depression of 1921, management had time to study new methods and make long-range plans; a great body of new technological ideas was awaiting application. Our war-stimulated skills in aircraft, artillery, chemicals, naval construction, etc. had produced many fruitful peacetime possibilities. This is what set the stage for a quick rise in the physical volume of production and output per wage earner by 1923 (from 102 in 1919 to 120 in 1923).

For a very different set of reasons a similar situation exists today. The business community has deferred expansion, deferred maintenance, deferred the introduction of new devices. H. G. Moulton of the Brookings Institution, in *Income and Economic Progress* (1935), has referred to the "enormous amount of deferred maintenance" and increasing obsolescence.

We may then say that the quick recovery of 1920–23 was accomplished, without benefit of pump priming, by increased efficiency, improved methods, and the increasing application of capital to industry and that the same principles, applied with equal vigor to our situation today, will produce the same results. The American people are very volatile but very resilient; and, admitting that we lost our way and our nerve temporarily and recognizing that the initiative passed very properly into the hands of the government, one may still concede that the government has also made grave errors. Not the least of these is both the manner and the degree in which public spending has been carried on, in a mistaken faith.

A quality like morale, I fear, cannot be purchased, even by the honest, vigorous, and redoubtable Mr. Ickes — and certainly not by the sulking in the tents of business captains. It is a matter for re-education and co-operation. The economic morale required in high business positions can be developed, in this impasse, only by the more able leaders of business, who realize that the shortest cut to less public spending and deficit making is an armistice with the new militant spirit of the public in the political saddle. Billions of public spending will not be as strong a makeweight as this, for a rapid forward pace.

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Lady Cops

by **LOWELL BRENTANO**

WE ALL TRY instinctively to avoid falling into the arms of the law. But times are changing; and, if at least some of the arms of the law are found to have become charmingly feminine, we may soon feel that it is a pleasure to be arrested. Like everything else, police forces are being molded into streamlined models, and a new type of patrolwoman is being evolved by the New York City Police Department and the Municipal Civil Service Commission.

Twenty years ago, being a cop was a job — like being a streetcar conductor or a grocer — a job with a shade more social prestige but nevertheless not to everyone's liking. There were politics everywhere. It took pull to get on the force and more pull to stay on. Everyone laughed tolerantly at "dumb dicks" and "flatfoots."

Now, parents who have given their sons both college and professional educations are proud to see them become, let us say, G men, because this work offers fitting opportunities for career men. But, for their daughters, the great majority of parents still maintain the old point of view.

This attitude has been shared, strangely enough, by many police officials, especially the old-timers. Policewomen have been on the New York City police force for over fifty years, classified as matrons — often husky ladies, with limited educational backgrounds, permanently detailed to various station houses to handle women prisoners. Even today the full roster of women on the New York force numbers only about 180, in contrast with approximately 18,000 men.

But with the increasing complexity of crime prevention and detection and the brilliant success achieved by the few in the service, year by year more women have been admitted, and now lady cops are accepted as a matter of course. More than that, there are certain fields of police work today in which women not only supplement but even equal men.

Consequently, when some six months ago the New York Municipal Civil Service Commission announced examinations for the post of patrolwoman, with only 29 anticipated vacancies, 5,254 women responded, and 3,177 actually took the examinations. Many of the candidates shunned any publicity. They dreaded the opposition and ridicule of their friends and relatives; they feared they might be discharged from their present positions if their employers discovered they were taking the examinations. But 3,200 women for 29 positions!

These, however, are unusually good positions. They require no sales talks to enthuse the applicants.

For, after all, what do career women really want? A good salary; a chance for professional and financial advancement; excitement in their youth and security in their old age.

Here they have everything — an initial salary of $2,000 yearly, automatically rising to $3,000 in five years; fair sick leave; a pension on

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half-pay after twenty-five years' service; and, to women of brains and imagination, varied, stimulating, and socially constructive work. Small wonder they are standing in line, pushing and shoving in their excitement.

Who Said Cops Were Dumb?

Lest I be accused of being a volunteer propagandist for the feminine influence in the law, let me plead guilty in advance! I am frankly trying to sell a bill of goods on the possibilities of a new career for women.

Naturally they will want to know details; what are the requirements? How hard are the examinations? What are the actual day-by-day duties of lady cops?

In turn, they must realize that entrance requirements, examinations, salaries, working conditions not only change constantly but differ according to local conditions in various American cities. Practically all these cities use the New York Police Department as a model and adapt to their own needs such ideas as have worked successfully in the big city. The lady cops of New York are the nation's guinea pigs, and women considering police work as a career should view this detailed information merely as a general idea of what they can expect.

To come to the specific requirements demanded of the candidates, I quote from the "notice of examination" issued by the Municipal Civil Service Commission:

> REQUIREMENTS: (1) Graduation from Senior High School and two years of satisfactory full-time paid experience in social probation, parole, penological work, teaching, nursing, investigation, newspaper reporting, law-enforcement, accounting, bookkeeping, stenographing, music, languages, theatrical, or other public appearances; athletic, medical, legal or other satisfactory work, or
>
> (2) Four years of such experience, or
>
> (3) A degree from a college of recognized standing, or
>
> (4) A satisfactory equivalent or combination of the foregoing.
>
> Candidates must not be less than 5 feet 2 inches in height and at this height must weigh 120 pounds. Required vision 20/40 for each eye separately, without glasses. However, persons who do not meet the minimum weight and height requirements will also be eligible to compete in the examination provided they are otherwise qualified and if they receive a general average of not less than 80 percent they will be placed upon a supplementary eligible list for permanent or temporary special detective work in the manner set forth above.
>
> SUBJECTS AND WEIGHTS: Written test, weight 8. Pass mark for the written test will be the score received by the person who ranks 300 in the order of comparative rating; physical test, weight 2, 70 percent required.
>
> The written test will be held prior to the physical and will include questions designed to determine reasoning ability, initiative, alertness, memory, ability to follow instructions, interpret written matter, number relations, vocabulary, grammar, and other appropriate information. Candidates who pass the written physical and medical tests will be summoned for a qualifying oral interview, as the needs of the service require, to determine satisfactory appearance, manner and speech, and judgment.
>
> Medical and physical requirements, as posted on Commission's bulletin board, must be met. Candidates may be rejected for any deficiency, abnormality or disease that tends to impair health or usefulness, such as defective vision, heart and lung diseases, uncontrolled hernia, paralysis and defective hearing. Persons must be free from such physical or personal abnormalities or deformities as to speech and appearance as would render their admission to the service undesirable.

Anyone who still thinks cops are dumb ought to be forced to take the written test. I showed it to a number of Phi Beta Kappas and left them holding their heads.

The candidates were given three and a half hours to complete the examination, which contained 100 questions, with each correct answer scoring one point. These questions are not the kind one can answer after a few weeks in a civil-service-job "cramming school"; they are not designed as memory tests, in which the candidate repeats parrotwise a jumble of unrelated facts. Rather they demand a background of wide reading in the psychological and sociological fields, a knowledge of current events, and an awareness of contemporary life. Concealed in the questions themselves are various little psychological traps, enabling the examiners to evaluate the characters and personalities of the candidates. For the first time, an examination for cops was devised to test how they think — and whether they think! — rather than what facts they remember.

After X-raying the candidates' minds, the Civil Service Commission turns its attention to physique. Here we have two separate examinations, medical and physical.

The medical examination is not competitive but purely a qualifying test. Anyone who fails to measure up to the minimum medical standards, unless for some curable defect, is out. On the recent examinations, 106 women were

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"conditioned" and given further time to remedy their defects. Virtually all of these women, it turns out, will be able to come up to scratch — forty-two have nothing the matter with them but light weight, easily cured by a few square meals.

But the physical examination is competitive with a vengeance. Examiner Brennan claims any healthy young woman not an athlete could pass with a low score but admits that practice and physical-culture training are essential to land a candidate among the leaders. Try these stunts in your attic or your barn, even if you don't want to be a lady cop.

Lift dumbbells, weighing from 20 to 40 pounds in each hand.

Lie on the floor, have someone hold your legs, and then assume a sitting position, carrying up behind you a long dumbbell, weighing from 5 to 20 pounds. (This is called abdominal muscle lifting!)

Next try a few high jumps, over bars placed from 2 feet, 6 inches to 3 feet, 3 inches above the floor.

Then test the strength of your forearms. There are special machines for this, which will register a grip test of from 25 to 55 kilos.

And, finally, test the strength of your legs. Put long dumbbells weighing anywhere from 20 to 40 pounds on your shoulder and then try to squat up and down gracefully ten times.

Candidates who have passed both the mental and physical tests are summoned before a board for a qualifying oral interview. Here the candidates are given a final "once over" and a few minutes' conversation just to check, in a face-to-face meeting, their appearance and personality. It has no effect whatever on their relative standing unless they fail to pass muster.

Where They Come From

In the recent New York examinations, 308 women passed these tests, and will be certified by the Commission for places on the eligible list. Four women who passed the mental test failed to appear for the physical examinations. Four more names may ultimately be added, because four candidates were excused as maternity cases in the physical examinations and will be permitted to take that test at a later date. The first sixty-six women on this list who passed their mental tests with a mark of 80 or more have been placed on a special supplementary list and have been certified for special temporary assignments, though only twenty-nine permanent positions are available in the near future.

According to Commissioner Sayre, examinations are held only once every four years, and during the course of this period many more positions will be available. Moreover, the list itself will not remain static, for a number of the women will change their minds when appointments finally are offered them and, generally because of a change in either their economic or their matrimonial prospects, will decline.

The variety of experience and the educational background of the successful candidates is almost incredible.

One candidate was a female boxer who performed in vaudeville exhibitions. Another was the dancing teacher of Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippines. Then there is an ex-burlesque queen (whether she did the strip tease is unknown) who once upheld the H. J. Minsky banner. Six others from theatrical ranks are singers, dancers, and actresses, one of whom, formerly with the Ziegfeld Follies, is now appearing with the Music Hall Rockettes.

Three candidates are daughters seeking to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, now on the New York police force. A fourth is an operative in a private detective agency.

An example of unexpected accomplishment is offered by the holder of three academic degrees who, by her own admission, is very handy with mechanical implements and "can shingle or paper roofs, improvise tools, had a good auto mechanics course, and can do much to a car engine." Then there is an M.D., now an interne with several months ambulance duty to her credit.

By far the greater number, 125 in all, are now engaged in bookkeeping, stenography, accounting, and other forms of office work. Forty are social workers on the staff of the Department of Welfare and other social-service agencies. Thirty-nine are schoolteachers in a variety of subjects and in all classifications of the educational system. Eighteen are psychologists and medical and dental assistants. Fifteen are athletic instructors, playground directors, and recreation leaders. There are seven newspaper workers, a free-lance writer of "true" detective stories, a commercial artist who

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claims to be the only woman "layout man" in the city, five nurses, six attorneys, five research workers, three probation officers, two dieticians, two telephone operators, two library assistants, two "skip tracers," two tax collectors, two camp counselors, two department-store supervisors, one public-utility representative, one insurance analyst, one personnel manager, one credit manager, one waitress, one reader in a press-clipping bureau, and one yarn winder.

Among the 316 candidates who passed the written test were 38 high-school graduates, 271 who had some college training, and 214 with college diplomas! These 214 share a total of 263 academic degrees. Four indicated membership in Phi Beta Kappa, but it is suspected several more have this honor. The least schooled of the entire group were in their second year of high school when they quit.

The roster includes 180 bachelor degrees in arts, 23 in science, and 13 in law. Six of the LL.B.'s are practicing attorneys. Other bachelor degrees cover the fields of social science, business administration, religious education, music, and pedagogy.

Masters' degrees are held by twenty-nine in arts, three in science, and one in civil engineering (from the records it appears that this degree was subsequently traded in for a job as stenographer).

Doctoral rank was attained by six eligibles. One of these is an M.D.; there are four J.D.'s and one J.S.D. The medical profession is represented, in addition to the lone doctor, by five graduate nurses.

According to a release by the Municipal Civil Service Commission,

> this is probably the first time in the history of the Municipal Civil Service Commission that the incidence of scholarship has been so high in an examination where formal education was not even necessary for qualifying.

Quite a Job

The successful candidates, however, are not through yet — they will have to attend Police College for a few months. There they will take many of the same courses given the men. They will study city ordinances, practice marksmanship and first aid, and learn all the hundred and one things every lady cop must know. And when they graduate they must buy themselves snappy police uniforms (which they seldom wear, except on formal occasions or on certain types of parole duty). They will also be given shields (the only free equipment furnished by the department) and must buy revolvers. Come rain or shine, the shield must always be with the policewoman, carried in her handbag, but the revolver is standard equipment only on special occasions.

When our candidates are actually assigned to the force, their duties will fall, broadly speaking, into one of two classifications — crime detection or crime prevention. Some may be detailed to the Bureau of Policewomen, under First Grade Detective Mary A. Sullivan, who now commands all of the seventy-six women doing regular police work, with the exception of seven who are in the Detective Bureau. Others may join the fifty-five women in the Juvenile Aid Bureau, headed by Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner John H. Morris, a Harvard graduate who stepped up — or down — to his present post via the headmastership of a boys' school.

The scope of police work for women is exceedingly varied. Check over this list and try to imagine yourself on some of these assignments.

You might investigate the illegal practice of medicine by unlicensed midwives and by doctors whose licenses had been suspended or revoked. This might mean criminal abortions or other types of medical rackets. These evils are on the increase. Voodooism and "healer" practices exist among certain racial groups, as well as various new methods of criminal fraud in the illegal practice of medicine. This type of investigation often involves policewomen in actual physical danger.

You might also keep your eyes open for cases of indecent exposure, for degenerates and exhibitionists in motion-picture theaters and other public places. The suppression of sex crimes is distinctly within the province of the lady cops.

Then there is the fortunetelling racket — with fortunetellers, fake mediums, and tea-room readers of horoscopes who constitute a problem. Policewomen are supposed to obtain evidence and to arrest them. Although seemingly innocent, these fortunetellers create emotional and even financial crises in many homes by giving troublemaking advice and information.

And have you ever heard of the larceny "switch" game, usually practiced by gypsies

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on credulous housewives and domestics? By one pretext or another, the gypsies volunteer to "make money" for their victims, and in the process "switch" the victims' real money into rolls of tissue paper.

Then there are pocket picking and shoplifting. Intensively trained policewomen are assigned to special squads covering these two crimes. Here the lady cops are very active and very successful.

Or you might help trap some of the human weasels engaged in fraudulent advertising. Employment agencies and newspapers frequently ask the police to investigate complaints made by young women who have answered requests for girls to model or do office work. When they call on these prospective employers, who usually have desk space in some little frequented office or loft building, they find that the "employment" consists of an indecent proposition. You will have to carry on from the complaint, since most girls, fearing publicity, refuse to air such grievances in court.

There are countless other odds and ends. Of course lady cops have the care of all female prisoners while in the custody of the police department and the searching of all female D.O.A.'s (dead on arrival). They have the supervision of beaches in the summer season — the prevention of public undressing on those beaches, the care of lost children — the supervision of outdoor dancing in the city parks and beaches; and duty in sit-down strikes where women are present!

Social Work

But perhaps all this is distasteful to you. You love children — you had expected to do educational and sociological work, not to consort with criminals. If this is the case, try to get yourself assigned to the Juvenile Aid Bureau. Even if you land in the wrong place at the start, the Department will probably transfer you.

The Juvenile Aid Bureau is really a social-service offshoot of the police department. It carries on a broad program for the reduction and prevention of delinquency in New York City, through an extensive program of activities, emphasizing to boys and girls respect for law and appreciation of good citizenship.

Chief among these activities in charge of the field workers is the Police Athletic League, with its slogan, "the cop as the friend of youth." Starting in 1934 with a plan for a few play streets, an occasional ball game, and showers obtained from the Fire Department, there has evolved a city-wide organization, operating from 69 indoor and 108 outdoor recreations, with adult programs, mothers' clubs, and parents' nights. Seventy-five thousand kids paid 10 cents apiece last year for the privilege of wearing the P.A.L. membership button.

Operating side by side with the field workers is the Service Bureau, composed of members of the Department who supervise delinquent youth on a case-work basis. The offenses range from serious crimes, such as grand larceny and sex offenses, to minor infractions of the law, such as the breaking of windows and begging on the street.

Through a procedure recently established, the Service Bureau is made aware of the identity of children who have come in contact with the police in the precincts. This consists of reports containing full information about each individual child who has been apprehended performing any act that in itself is not serious enough to warrant arrest but which, if continued, might lead to more serious crimes or later arrest. The Service Bureau workers are trained not only in police work but also in comprehending and dealing with the social implications of family situations. They work intensively with the children and their families until they feel that an adjustment has been made or that court action is necessary.

Probably numerous other ramifications of police work for women will develop with changing social conditions. But these opportunities lie in the future rather than the present.

But you yourself can work to advance the day when there will be plenty of jobs; you yourself can campaign for more and better lady cops. You yourself can help sell your native city on the value of women in police work. Every police department in the country should have a modest percentage of women on its force, and, eventually, every one will. You can propagandize this idea, unselfishly as well as with your own desires in mind, with the conviction that women can hold their own with men in both solving and preventing crime. Perhaps you will not be able to benefit personally in this campaign, but you may get a thrill when your kid sister joins the force.

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Mars Takes Wings

by **R. ERNEST DUPUY**

*Major, F. A.**

TAKE GUNS at Port Arthur. Add wings at Kitty Hawk. Stir violently for thirty-four years and serve piping hot at Munich. Bitter brew for some of you, my masters, but you'll drink it and like it — or else! There, with the stark inevitability of a Greek tragedy, unfolds from the shadows Europe's fear today — annihilation from the air. Futile, seemingly, England's long-boasted sea-power protection, futile the Maginot line, before threat of droning wings of death.

Japan's surprise destroyer attack on the Russian squadron in Port Arthur harbor, on the night of February 8–9, 1904, prior to any declaration of war, marked the genesis of an idea. Grown to full flower, catalogued as totalitarian war, its very threat was sufficient to dominate the Munich conference of 1938, tip the balance of power in Europe to the Rome-Berlin axis. Odd though it seems to the civilian, this adds nothing new to the principles of war. It is, rather, essence of a basic principle — surprise.

Little did the statesmen of the then dominant powers of Europe realize what they were doing when they acquiesced in Japan's undeclared war. For the air arm, with its powers of range and evasion, bringing land warfare into three dimensions, was needed to make possible a lightning strategic stroke to crush resistance at its source, bring death to the doorsteps of all.

Not that Germany's possession of an overwhelming air force alone sealed Czechoslovakia's fate. Only because she was adequately defended on the ground was the Reich in position to employ her air arm offensively, aggressively, instantaneously — and whenever she so desired. She had the "move."

The air arm takes its place today, in the glare of shattered cities and smoking countryside, as a major weapon, its real powers slowly unfolding, as tested in Ethiopia, Spain, China. So, too, emerge its limitations. It behooves us all to examine this new weapon well, to see how best the United States may defend against it and, if necessary — God forbid — utilize it in this age when might means right.

Most important of all, the airplane today has passed its barnstorming period. You can't put down a flying fortress in farmer Jones's cow pasture — if you want to use it again. Modern aircraft need modern airfields. The whole complicated business of shelter, supply, and maintenance, plus space for simultaneous — mark this, *simultaneous* — landings and departures, necessitates properly designed and manned bases. Bases offer excellent targets to hostile bombers, unless protected by anti-aircraft artillery and by pursuit planes and by camouflage. Furthermore, they must be protected by ground troops of all arms. The larger the base, the bigger is the defense problem resulting.

The air arm can blast the ground, can — with some limitations — scan the ground, can harass or destroy industrial and other vital centers. It cannot hold ground. But it can — by organized co-operation with other arms — affect the progress of battle in major warfare. It can, again, by reason of its range and evasion powers, take over a part of the old task of the cavalry. It can, as proved prior to Ethiopia, supply detached posts, serve as transport detachments.

In the air it can maneuver and fight. On the ground it is helpless — it must be protected by other arms. In the air, he who fights and runs away can indeed live to fight another day, whereas he who fights and dies in the air destroys not only his individual life but the ex-

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *Opinions and conclusions in this article are those of an individual and do not necessarily reflect War Department opinion or that of the services at large.*

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pensive equipment he is using — to no advantage, unless his air arm is so preponderately greater than the other fellow's that he can swap ship for ship, in a checker game of destruction, and still have many left.

The Air Raid

The world today thinks first of bombers, dread of the missiles swirling from the sky quite naturally overshadowing any other aspect of the air arm. The all-air people have thundered about the power of airplanes to destroy cities.

Conservatives point to Madrid, Barcelona, and Valencia, still standing, still inhabited, still "business as usual," after months of bombings. But none of the air raids on these cities was in strength comparable to a possible mass attack by the bombers of one of the leading European powers.

The most terrific Spanish air attack, that on Barcelona during March 16, 17, and 18, 1938, was carried out during thirty-six hours in thirteen separate raids, each consisting of from five to nine planes, some eighty ships in all. A total of some three hundred bombs — 40 tons — was dropped. The toll was 800 dead and 1,700 wounded, a wide area of buildings destroyed, a panic-stricken city.

It would be quite possible for the Reich, with 3,500 bombers, to launch an unremitting attack — say fifty planes per hour — which in twenty-four hours could drop 600 tons of high explosive on the target. To do that with guns, you'd need 42,500 artillerymen with five hundred twelve-gun battalions of 6-inch artillery — supposing you could assemble any such preposterous number and supposing they could get in range. It is quite enough to paralyze a city!

Immediate reprisal might well destroy half the attacking planes. But suppose the attacker be so strong in aircraft that he can afford those losses until all the defender's aircraft are gone, while the aggressor still has an air fleet?

Improvements in bomb sights, as in radio systems of guiding pilots, have added to the difficulties of defense and the fears of the civilian. Improvements in antiaircraft guns over World War days are so great that, of every five planes brought down in Spain, four have been shot down from the ground, only one winged by air attack. Yet, even with the comparatively small number of planes to be stopped, bombing raids have not been prevented by gunfire. Giving due weight to the proportion between antiaircraft and aircraft as potentially available in major European warfare, one may come to the sane conclusion that antiaircraft fire, while efficient and essential for defense, does not present a definite barrier. Net barrages, used over London, were mainly for morale building. They have not appeared in today's actual warfare.

What other remedy?

Airplanes. We cannot get much to support this theory from Spain. But China gives us an inkling. The Japanese have effectively used counter-air raids to destroy Chinese dromes and ships on the ground. They have practically wiped out the Chinese combat ships. The Spanish loyalists did not do what air experts in the United States felt would check Nationalist bombings — make mass attacks on the great air base of Majorca. They squandered their air force when they took the air against attacking planes instead of seeking out enemy nests to destroy them.

Time is vitally important in air defense.

Too late to take the air when the wings of doom are overhead. It takes long minutes for the fastest pursuit ship now in service to climb high enough to close with an enemy bomber. Modern bombers sweep on at 250 miles per hour. Even if defending planes are warned when the enemy is many miles away, they may be still a shade too late. And the antiaircraft artillery must have time to man its guns and make its observations. So a widespread signal net must be established.

And here is one key to Munich: the British Channel is 20 miles wide at its narrowest part. Britain's tight little island is no longer *protected* by water; instead, the channel is a handicap! England sits baffled by a belt of silence unless continual far-flung patrol be maintained in the air or unless the land warning intelligence net extend to the Rhine. And an enemy does not necessarily have to fly over France to reach England — he can come over the North Sea.

Results from our Sino-Spanish laboratories corroborate military thought that defense against aircraft is accomplished by aircraft, offensively used, plus antiaircraft from the ground, with an effective warning network.

This means that to resist effectively the

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lightning stroke of undeclared war — its hour known only to him who wants to launch the stroke — a nation must be prepared. Otherwise, resistance simply cannot be justified to the helpless population. This is another key to Munich, for Germany and Italy, together, can in theory squander their strength, ship for ship, to destroy the air fleets of Britain and France, and still have sufficient power left to smash centers of resistance.

The question of gas attack on cities is still moot. Fear of it is part of Europe's mental strain. Practical soldiers hold that to distribute gas from planes over cities is both uneconomical and unwise. Eighty tons of highly toxic and volatile gas would be necessary to put a concentration 30 feet deep of one part gas (by weight) to ten thousand parts of air, over a 5-mile-square city area — a deadly dose if breathed continuously for an hour by an unprotected person. The bulk of the population could save themselves by simple precautions. But why gas, when you could put 80 tons of high explosive in the same area — by the same means — and ensure definite destructive effect?

A New Factor

So much for the air arm as particularly related to bombing and to a civilian population.

On the battlefield some very pertinent developments have taken place.

In Spain it has been proved that the air arm definitely restricts troop movements on roads to the hours of darkness, necessitates both antiaircraft artillery protection and antiaircraft discipline for troops in transit. At Brihuega, the Italian motorized divisions were caught on the road, bombed, machine gunned, thrown into confusion.

Spain has shown that ships attacking ground troops, from low altitudes with small fragmentation bombs and with machine guns, have a definite place in the assault. In any offensive the ticklish time for the attacker is when his infantry has pressed on to the range limit of his light-artillery fire. Does the enemy still resist, has he still artillery in position which can bring fire on the advancing infantry, the assault must come to a standstill, and the way is paved for the counterattack. The attacker attempts to overcome this by moving his light guns forward a part at a time at the earliest possible moment, the remaining pieces keeping up fire. But, however it be done, supporting artillery fire slackens when it is most needed. Franco's attack aviation in the Ebro breakthrough of 1938, its blows perfectly synchronized with the forward movement, made up for this lag in artillery fire, insuring support to the infantry and definitely putting the air arm into the combat team, heretofore made up of infantry and artillery.

The air arm does today what the cavalry used to do with swift, long-range raids. In China, Japanese long-distance bombers have rained death and destruction not only on cities, as in the terrific continued bombardment of Canton, but more particularly on railroads and junction points of communication. Yet railway bombing, unless against bottlenecks such as bridges and tunnels, has not had much effect. To be effective, air raids must be directed against points where semipermanent demolitions can be accomplished. Other bombings violate the principle of economy of force.

Another tactical use of the air arm — the dropping of men and equipment from the air to fight on the ground — is still unproved by any combat experience. Its possibility makes one more mental hazard for the commander in the field. As part of the pursuit in any definite defeat, it must be reckoned with. There is nothing quite so demoralizing as the thought that the enemy is in the rear.

Lastly — and this is very important — we have seen in Spain another highly effective and newly developed tactical use of the air arm: aerial blockade. Loyalist Spain was slowly but surely starved by an aerial blockade — destruction of vessels and harassing of port facilities from the air.

Another key to Munich here. With her touch-and-go escape from submarine blockade in the World War still a vital lesson, Britain well visualizes the potential disaster of an aerial blockade. So, too, France, if her life lines from Africa were severed by air attack. Hence the British naval trend to "convoy ships" — literally, fast, floating antiaircraft batteries.

The effect of air power on sea power in actual combat is still largely a matter of theory. Bombs have no propelling force other than gravity, so there is no reason to believe that aerial bombs will materially affect modern capital ships in fighting shape, provided these

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ships are accompanied by an adequate air component. Smoke-screen laying and torpedo planes make but more refinements in naval warfare.

Today the fascist nations, indoctrinated in the theory of totalitarian war and its gospel of instantaneous, brutal air offensive, preponderant in air strength, a proportion of their military aviators already tested in actual combat, must be reckoned with by neighbors who lie within range. Hence the feverish activity on the part of other major nations to catch up — in production, in trained man power, in protection for the civilian and for industry.

In final analysis, nothing so far happening in air warfare indicates any "revolution" in the art of war. However, the air arm has complicated the task of industrial mobilization, brought war home to all in an affected country.

The lasting effect of the arm is its ability to dislocate production. Given an attacker overwhelmingly implemented in air power, it is within the bounds of possibility that by a lightning stroke the attacked nation may be so stricken that her armies in the field will have no supply. This of course will be fatal. All very well it is to feel that one will "muddle through," but how can one muddle through without arms and ammunition? It isn't even necessary to hit the factories — frequent air-raid alarms will effectively disrupt work and dry up production. Here, outside any humanitarian question of protection of home and family, lies the major consideration in any question of national defense.

How Safe Are We?

So, from the American viewpoint, what?

The United States is bounded north and south by neighbors themselves sovereign states, east and west by broad oceans. The Monroe Doctrine, basic policy of national defense, extends protection beyond our land frontiers to include the entire Western Hemisphere, lest foreign aggression creep in to obtain springboard for attack against us.

To protect this expanse of terrain we have an excellent navy, its operations extended to either ocean at will by means of a by-pass in an overseas possession — the Panama Canal in the Canal Zone. To defend the navy's bases and the by-pass — the latter particularly sensitive, since it is a defile — we have a very small army, today at an irreducible minimum in strength and equipment.

In the North Atlantic, the navy must be able to operate freely to the limit of its radius of action — approximately 3,500 miles.

Whether a hostile threat come from east or west, it must perforce come initially by water or in the air over the water.

Today we do not fear direct massed air attack from foreign mainlands. Tomorrow? Air lines are already established between Europe and South America, are about to be established between Europe and North America; and air lines — with part-way hops — are already established between North America and the Philippine Islands.

The air arm cannot take ground, we have said. It can bring destruction. It is a necessary element of any expeditionary force from overseas, of any preliminary naval offensive which must precede such expedition to clear the way by eliminating our navy — either by fleet action or by closing the Panama Canal to passage by our fleet. If the air arm can be established, by infiltration in peacetime or by forcible seizure in wartime, on territory of our neighbors north or south, it has terrain for bases to operate against us. Otherwise it must be carrier-based.

So the question of range of the air arm must be considered. Do not be led by bellicose words into thinking that any nation will squander her precious air force in an all-out blow, from which the planes cannot return. Instead, we speak of radius of action, obtained by halving the total distance which a ship can travel with full pay load and then subtracting an additional percentage for time and fuel consumed in maneuvering — a necessary safety factor. Today individual bombers of the most advanced type have radii of action of 1,000 miles or more. Massed flights of bombers will have slightly shorter radii of action.

Then the vital point is to keep hostile air bases, whether land or carrier, further than a minimum *today* of 1,000 miles from our own borders and from our principal bases. It follows we must be able to combat air power by our own air power, operating from bases of our own. We must protect the Panama Canal.

National defense involves land, air, and sea power — a strong navy backed by adequate

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harbor and antiaircraft defense; an air defense adequate in all the elements of real air power; a reserve training and construction program sufficient to enlarge all arms to the apex of national power in an emergency; and an adequate regular army.

The army must garrison land bases for the navy and for its own air force — both those bases existing today and the contemplated forward bases necessitated by the advent of air power. A forward base must be made safe primarily by the wide dispersion of its grounded planes and of its repair and maintenance installations. It is not a parking lot but an elaborate, articulated installation. It must be further secured by its warning intelligence net, covering hundreds of miles, and by mobile infantry, field artillery, cavalry and other ground arms which can repel either minor raids or major attacks. This force must be made up of trained regular troops capable of fighting trained hostile troops.

As constituted today, our army just hasn't the men, the guns, the planes to do the job. Recall that the Hawaiian garrison alone numbers twenty thousand, the Panama Canal Zone some thirteen thousand.

Today our "irreducible minimum" army immediately available consists of a regular army of but 165,000 enlisted men and 14,000 officers, 2,320 military airplanes, and a National Guard of 210,000. An increase is therefore necessary in the light of present developments — an increase particularly in the air arm.

But to increase the air corps is not simple.

Construction of a large number of long-range bombers alone will not solve the problem. In a military air force the proportion of fighting ships to training, supply, and reconnaissance planes is as sixty to forty. Military planes have a short life in action; hence a replacement reserve of 100 per cent is essential. And, of course, increase in ships must go hand in hand with increase in trained pilots — military pilots whose combat training begins only when their flying training is completed.

This question of military pilot supply is the sensitive point. When a plane is lost in war its pilot is also lost. Both are indispensable, in combination. (This factor, by the way, is the Achilles heel of any European nation attempting totalitarian war — for they are all cutting down, perforce, on the training time of their pilots, in order to man their growing supply of fighting planes.)

Furthermore, pilots alone do not comprise the personnel of an air force; the proportion of men to operating ships is often fifteen to one, to handle all the teeming activities of operation, repair, and maintenance.

Our increase, then, should be carried out, in the light of and in comparison with the increase of air strength in other nations. Present American air strength is approximately (army and navy) 3,500 operating ships and 39,800 men, including 5,000 pilots. It does not fulfill the requirements of adequate national defense. Furthermore, ships, men, and guns do not spring overnight from the ground. It takes, for instance, eighteen months to build a four-gun battery of antiaircraft artillery, complete with necessary impedimenta of fire control, instruments for range and direction finding, and its vehicles.

To sum up, a real national defense consists in keeping the hostile blow from the homeland. Who is content to defend at the fireside must expect conflict on the hearthstone.

Baron Von Steuben once wrote — as quoted in the *New York Evening Post*, December 22, 1807:

> Any attempt to defend the City of New York by batteries erected on Governor's Island, Powles-Hook and in the city, I consider as fruitless and as serving no other purpose but to expose the city, in case of attack, to inevitable ruin. . . . If the ships cannot be prevented by these batteries from approaching the city, nothing will remain but to defend it from the batteries erected in the city itself, and whilst the ships are enfilading not only every battery but every street — whilst they are setting fire to the houses with their red hot balls, and the women and children are running desolate about the streets, inhabitants in the midst of all these scenes are to be fighting the enemy — what a dreadful picture! And after all the very contest will reduce this flourishing city to a heap of ruins.

The principle is as sound today as when that was written. Only the scale has changed. The ships come on at four miles a minute, and they strike from a thousand miles away. Read doughty old Von Steuben's words in the light of the fires of Barcelona, Shanghai, Canton. When you have done this, write your own national-defense ticket. Only the fool or the traitor wants to involve this nation in other people's wars; only the same fool or traitor wants to leave us open to the swishing death from the air.

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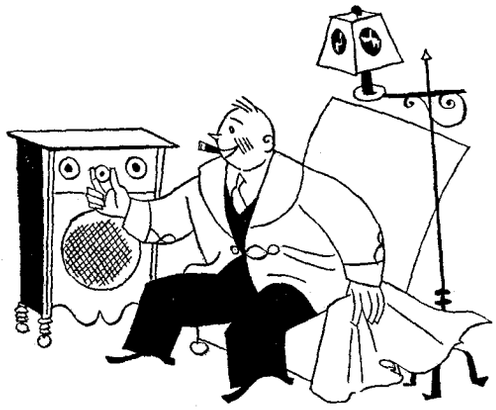
Advertising in Dreams

by **LAWRENCE GOULD**



WITH THE FIRST RIFT in the black clouds of depression, there began a chorus of rebuke and warning which grows louder each year. The New Deal, we are admonished, has so pampered and corrupted us that we have all but lost our moral fiber. Editors, economists, and "practical" businessmen complain that we are shutting our eyes to the hard facts: we will not see that we cannot live beyond our income without crippling our children's future nor will we admit that there is no way to enjoy wealth without working for it. For six years, they tell us, we have put our faith in Santa Claus, refusing to listen to their proof that there is no such person.

Whether they are right or not about the New Deal, a psychologist must admit that belief in Santa Claus is pretty common — and not only in the realm of economics. But believing in him does not mean that one is wicked or a weakling; it means that one is childish.

There was a good deal of indignation when, during the World War, it was announced that our average "intelligence quotient" showed an age of not much over twelve years; but, if our *emotional* age were reckoned, it would doubtless be still younger. When the late Dr. Frankwood E. Williams was medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, he said in so many words: "*There are no adults.*' Not all men in his position would be so outspoken, but most of those who attempt to cater to the public on a large scale — editors, movie producers, theater managers, and so on — act deliberately on the same assumption.

But here is the irony: the very childishness which the editors denounce in politics is their own employers' greatest business asset, and is cultivated by these same employers by every means in their power! If demagogues have encouraged us to live in dreamland and scared us with childish nightmares to compel us to accept them as our saviors, they found us already well accustomed to such treatment. For exactly the same tactics are used regularly by the men who control nearly all the sources of our information except for our schools and colleges and who have, indirectly, an all but decisive influence on these also.

The men I speak of are the advertisers — and particularly the great agencies through which "national selling campaigns" are handled.

The size of this industry is staggering. What was said to be the first authoritative effort to add up our yearly bill for advertising appeared last year in the advertisers' organ, *Printer's Ink*. Mr. L. D. H. Weld, head of the research department of one of the agencies, believes that about $2,000,000,000 were spent in this country for some sort of advertising during 1937 and that even this is less than used to be spent in "boom" years.

The lion's share of this huge sum, $570,000,000, went to the newspapers, with the magazines and radio tied for second place at $165,000,000 each. Something like $200,000,000* was collected by the agencies in fees and commissions, and the rest went for the many other types of advertising, all the way from circulars and billboards to skywriting.

* *This figure is disputed by the American Association of Advertising Agencies, which claims it is more than twice as large as it should be.*

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This is winning friends and influencing people on a pretty large scale — at least $25 a year for every person in the country who is able to read. Its effect on our national mind and character must be tremendous, especially since there is almost no other influence to counteract it. For, after the average American has left school — since he reads no books except an occasional novel — practically all his ideas and impressions come from sources which derive most of their revenue from advertising; and, despite all protestations, it is still true that he who pays the piper calls the tune.

I need hardly say that the newspapers could not exist without advertising — the exact amount of "news" you get in any issue of your favorite paper is determined by the day's contracts for advertising linage, and *what* news you get depends a good deal on the same sort of consideration. All but a few magazines are equally dependent, in some cases getting 80 per cent of their income from their advertising pages. And of course the radio is nothing but a sideline of the advertising business, from which it draws every dollar it has.

The "big" radio programs, with stars like Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Lily Pons, or "Charlie McCarthy," are wholly created by and in the agencies, the stations having at the most a veto power over what they offer to the public. Indeed, grateful as we may be for the Toscanini programs (the first series of which, by the way, ran a poor second to the Hit Parade of dance music in size of audiences), even they were paid for with the advertisers' money, and their real aim was to win the network prestige with which to attract more advertising.

'The Product'

You can buy a lot of influence with two billion dollars, but outside of economics no one seems to care in what direction it goes. What effect does it have on our psychological development? If our feelings and emotions are those of a small child, do the advertisers help us grow up? Do they try to give us a more accurate picture of the real world or do all they can to keep us in a childish dreamland?

You may guess the answer by considering what you would do in their place if you had no thought except for profits. If you had a product to dispose of, would you not rather approach a child who had a dollar in his pocket than tackle the greater "sales resistance" of an adult? True, actual children do not have so many dollars, though (as those who sponsor "kiddie" programs on the radio have found) they have a good deal of influence on their parents' spending. But, if you can reach the infantile side of an adult, you have got him where you want him. "Selling" him becomes like taking candy from a baby. And the merchandise that you will find most profitable is — dreams! They will cost you little, and yet he will pay you anything he has for them.

Not that there is any harm in selling people dreams — "escapes," as psychology is teaching us to call them — provided they know what they are buying and how much it costs them. Movies are an escape, as Mr. Will Hays recently admitted, and, all things considered, a comparatively cheap one. But it is one thing to offer people escape at a fixed price in their leisure moments and another to pretend to give it to them free by methods which levy a toll on every dollar they spend. By far the most costly of all escapes for the average American is reading the advertising in his magazines and papers or lending a casual ear to the "commercials" which come to him in the honeyed accents of the radio announcer. And what potent, if fantastic, visions these do conjure up to coax the dollars from his pockets!

The dearest of all our dreams, of course, is what we once called "magic" — belief in a power which can satisfy our hearts' desires against all the laws of fact and nature. In the fairy tales that most of us loved as children, magic was made in three main ways: by the recitation of a mystic formula, the performance of meaningless but important ritual acts, or the possession of a talisman or philter.

The formula technique is used by those advertisers who promise to show us how to overcome our fears and weaknesses in six simple lessons — all too often they profess to be psychologists, or sometimes "metaphysicians." The meaningless rituals are usually advocated by the dealers in cosmetics. But most advertisers find it simplest to offer a talisman — known to copy and "commercial" writers as "The Product." Since most advertising is addressed to women — the principal spenders of the nation's money — and since beauty and "sex appeal" are what women are supposed to want most, these are what the talisman is

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usually said to have the power to give them.

No matter how fagged you may look, madam, you need only take a "facial cocktail" (The Product in this case is soap), and your beauty will thrill all beholders.

You will find that life really does begin at forty if you will just eat yeast.

The man who has been so far unimpressed will be an easy victim to your "stocking appeal," provided you wear the right brand.

Chewing gum — believe it or not! — will "make you doubly lovely."

If you fear that your husband is a bit indifferent after ten years of marriage, you may have a "second honeymoon" by feeding him spaghetti.

If you find that gentlemen prefer blondes and yet cannot face the thought of bleached hair, you may comfort yourself with the most ingenious argument that "sixty per cent of women are born blondes, but time dulls and darkens hair. You can be a *natural* blonde" with So-and-So's Hair Wash.

An infantile dream we have all cherished — and a dangerous one — is that of discovering a way to break the laws of nature and escape the consequences. Many magic potions offer such assurances.

Eat what you like — then take The Product!

Party till all hours — no morning after, thanks to The Product!

Shop all day, and The Product will refresh your feet so that you may dance all night!

In our childish fantasies we loved to identify ourselves with great and famous people, and right well the advertisers know it. The result is the "endorsement" of The Product (for a tidy fee) by headliners of the stage, "society," or sports, who perhaps have never seen it and in many cases could not possibly be induced to use it. I've seen cigarettes "endorsed" by opera singers who would as soon take poison as smoke them and soaps recommended as the "beauty secret" of women who would not let their skins be touched by any soap whatever.

The Bogeyman

But, great as the drawing power of our dreams is, even they are less effective in compelling us to spend our money than our nightmares. So if magic promises do not open our pocketbooks — if the "sales curve" shows the dreaded "plateau" — word is sent out to bring on the ogres. Copy writers today invent terrors which would certainly make the Grimm brothers green with envy. For "fear" copy is more and more recognized as surpassing all other types in selling power, if only The Product can be made to seem the one way to escape the real or imaginary dangers that are conjured up in our minds.

There are advertisers, of course, who can find *real* dangers to hold over our heads. They show us bloodcurdling photographs of automobile smashups, which (they make us think) will happen to us if we do not buy their tires or brake linings. For they try to create the impression — though they do not often say so outright — that all other tires and brake linings are all but worthless.

True, such tactics are a little risky (not long ago competitors were able to "crack down" on a manufacturer of cigars who was giving the impression that his were the only ones not moistened with saliva). But we still find such assertions as that "only" one particular lipstick "can give your lips natural color," followed by the threat that if your lips look "painted," nobody will want to kiss you. (And, if we are to believe the advertisers, to be kissed is every woman's major object in life.)

For that matter, in both men's and women's copy, the threat of failure to attract the opposite sex is used more than any other. In just half a dozen magazines I found girls warned that they would certainly be wallflowers if they did not let The Product save them from "dingy teeth," "lifeless hair," "middle-aged skin," "dishpan hands," runs in their stockings, "tattle-tale gray" linen, a shiny nose, "cosmetic skin," "under-arm hair," and, above all, the terrible "body odor" — for which at least seven different antidotes are offered. Each advertiser treats the particular defect he promises to cure as *the* one of supreme importance; and apparently readers really do have single-track minds, for this sort of copy keeps on "selling."

"Fear" copy may be accentuated by playing on the typically childish dread of long, unknown words, which sound like black magic. Ever since the triumph of the bright young man who invented and publicized "halitosis," medical books have been searched for obscure terms such as "alopecia" (baldness), "hypertrichosis" (superfluous hair), "mucin plaque"

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(film on teeth), "seborrhea" (oily skin), "pyorrhea" (which only occasional sufferers had heard of till the tooth-paste manufacturers discovered it), and a score of others.

The superstitious dread of "germs" has been capitalized to the limit for the benefit of so-called antiseptics, most of which — at least as they are ordinarily used — are practically worthless. For instance, according to Dr. F. F. Smith, writing in *Hygeia*, the popular organ of the American Medical Association, "to keep the mouth sterile, one would have to disinfect it every five minutes." And, what is more, "any dentifrice which will remove tartar, prevent decay, or inhibit or cure pyorrhea . . . either is a downright fake or is unsafe to use." The Doctor continues: "No tooth paste or powder should be more than a pleasant adjunct to the operation of cleaning the teeth," in which "elbow grease" is the only thing that matters.

What to Believe?

The associations of advertisers loudly proclaim their allegiance to the principle of "truth in advertising," but if Dr. Smith is correct (to say nothing of the various consumers' research reports) there are very few cosmetic or proprietary-medicine advertisements which don't contain outright falsehoods. One writer of my acquaintance had an article rejected by a popular health magazine on the avowed ground that the statements he made about the effect of headache remedies, while doubtless quite true, would be "too offensive to the advertisers" in the other magazines of the same group. And in case after case advertisers have signed "stipulations" with the Federal Trade Commission, binding themselves to omit as false, from future copy, statements which they have made without protest in the advertising columns of some of our most respected publications.

It is perhaps idle to complain about the way in which advertising copy is debauching the meaning of the language, yet how shall we *think* when there are no longer any words left that have not been overused to the point of exhaustion? Already the copy writers, having spoiled most of the words they found in the dictionaries, are inventing new ones ("sophistocrat" was the last I noticed) which convey a favorable feeling without having any proper sense whatever.

When the advertisers bother to defend themselves against the charge of deception, they say simply that the public "loves to be fooled." Doubtless a man with tuberculosis would "love" to be told there was nothing wrong with him, or a bankrupt that his finances were sound; but this would scarcely justify your deceiving them, especially for your own advantage, still less remonstrating that they are fools to believe you.

If the public's wish to be fooled — to live in a childish dreamland rather than the world of drab fact — is a source of enough profit to justify an investment of two billion dollars every year to foster it, why complain that those whose childishness you live on can also be made to put their faith in political panaceas? If you train a woman to believe that she can become a Garbo by spending ten dollars for a few cents' worth of cold cream, why be surprised if she thinks that passing a law can insure her husband a job or provide security for both of them in old age? Why spend every other day in the year building up a population of dreamers and wasters and then expect their votes on election day to show the hard common sense of their pioneer ancestors?

Perhaps, Mr. Advertiser, in the course of fooling other people you have fooled yourself into forgetting that you cannot have your cake and eat it.

THE FORUM is inviting a leading representative of the advertising profession to reply to Mr. Gould at an early date

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I Hate Fascism

A Letter to the Editor from Viscountess Nancy Astor

Some time ago, the Editor wrote Lady Astor, inquiring whether she might be able to write for THE FORUM *something about her political philosophies and beliefs. Lady Astor has replied in the following letter, her own commentary on the allegedly fascist leanings of the much gossiped-about "Cliveden set."*

DEAR MR. LEACH:

I am slightly amused and considerably perplexed to find that after having been with my husband in the political arena for some thirty years, always in the progressive wing of our party — having been in the old days called socialist and radical because of our views and tendencies, having been labeled a Bolshevik when we visited the Soviet Union and worked in Parliament for a trade pact with Russia — I am now attacked as an antidemocrat and a fascist.

Here and now let me say that I staunchly believe in democracy as the political system through which both nations and individuals may reach the highest fulfillment.

But, just because of my sincerity in this belief, I refuse to be blind to realities — to whitewash the democratic system in order to cover up its defects. To do so would be self-deception and self-praise (two of democracy's weaknesses). It requires courage and strength of belief and purpose to recognize temporary failure and yet to cling to an ideal — to find the flaws and try to eradicate them. The trouble with so many people nowadays is that they confuse illusions with ideals.

People confuse, for instance, their ideal of what the League of Nations should be with the illusion that the present League of Nations corresponds to their ideal. The present League failed just because its constitution was not ideal. It was not universal and it had no superstate authority. It failed largely for the reason that the thirteen original United States would have failed if Alexander Hamilton's fight over State rights had not succeeded and if the most powerful and progressive State had remained outside the Union. Because of these defects, the League was an imperfect instrument for its avowed purpose. The failure of the League from its very inception brought Europe last summer to the brink of war and to the kaleidoscopic events of Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich.

These are realities which one must accept. Post-mortems will get us nowhere.

If anyone has any doubts concerning the folly of the treatment of Germany, after Versailles, when she was a republic, let him read a book called *Collective Insecurity*, by Mrs. Swanwick, an English pacifist and socialist, who twice was sent by British Labour Governments to Geneva as their delegate. But this exposition of our and (mainly) French shortsightedness does not make the author a Nazi, nor does it cause us to approve of Nazi methods in foreign policy or in dealing with political, religious, or racial minorities.

Meanwhile it is well to recognize the wrong we ourselves did in the postwar years to Germany, when she was a democracy and a republic — of which wrong Hitlerism is the harvest and the nemesis. The British Prime Minister and our Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, were right to make an effort, however belated, to settle by negotiation the mistakes of the past. It was right to try to the uttermost for peace, for the sake of the German people no less than for our own sake. It may be that this policy of peace will fail; the appetite for power grows by what it feeds on, and it may now be so strong that nothing will satisfy it. And war may only be postponed. But who, standing in his place, would not have tried, as Mr. Chamberlain tried, to hold the wolves of war in leash?

I hold no brief for dictators; dictators have no mesmeric effect on me; I have a horror of all persecution and tyranny. A country governed by the human will of one man has sold

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its soul and pawned its reason. To me a country is not the personality of one man but the personality of the people. Of the dictators, I admired only Ataturk, for he believed in democracy and freedom for his women.

It was my fundamental and wholehearted belief in individual responsibility and freedom which in the past impelled me to support the cause of women's rights and responsibilities, of women's careers and women's interests. Given the chance, women can and will play a greater part in civic and social life.

This earnest conviction is a major argument on the side of democracy. If women will shoulder their responsibility in democratic life, democracy will triumph. Women are much more adaptable and, in some respects, more resourceful than men.

What is a democrat?

He is one who believes in the infinite value of the human soul in the sight of God.

From this truth springs the dignity of man, the claim of the man with a hoe to be treated not as a clod but as an immortal end in himself — not a mere means to the ends of other persons or powers, neither slave nor chattel, but free and erect.

That is my faith, religious and political bound together in one. It is the antithesis of Fascism, Naziism, and communism, which deny God, freedom, and immortality. They worship the Omnipotent State whose altars of sacrifice are pogroms and concentration camps. I refuse to be mesmerized by dictators. "Naked," as Shakespeare said, "they are for all the world like forked radishes with heads fantastically carved upon them with a knife." And they too will die and rot and they will not smell sweet in the dust.

But the fact that at this moment there are nations which are governed by the will of one man does not make me despair of these nations nor drive me to treat them all as lepers. It does not blind me to what is good in those countries nor what is bad in my own. Someday the decent people of the totalitarian states will recover their souls and take their reason out of pawn.

We must not, says Thomas Mann, take democracy for granted. Its present state is not necessarily final and absolute.

Because I say this, less well than the great German author, because I seek to repair the defects of democracy, why should I be dubbed its enemy?

Our danger here in England is that we may not overcome in time these defects in the swiftly changing world which now beset us. Can we save democracy, without, in the process, becoming enslaved to the tyranny which is its opposite?

That is the question, crucial and urgent, which confronts England and France — yes, and America.

NANCY ASTOR

For 1939

Courage comes again,
Out of music, out of pain,
Out of facing fear.
This is a new year.
Light your souls, to flare
On the wild flood of this air.
Through it tremors run
From far beyond the sun.
In its savage breath
Is no taint of death.
Rush! With wings upon your will!
Hurry! Life may save us still!
Never stop until you feel
Satan crush beneath your heel!

Marion Canby

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The Artist's Point of View

Great Lakes Exhibition, 1939

In this exhibition of paintings of the Great Lakes region there are 165 works. Selections were made by different juries in seven cities. Several museums participated. I have just seen the exhibit in the Art Museum of Toledo, Ohio.

What trends do these works reveal? What gains or losses of the naturalistic and modern schools? What are the visions and perspectives of its artists?

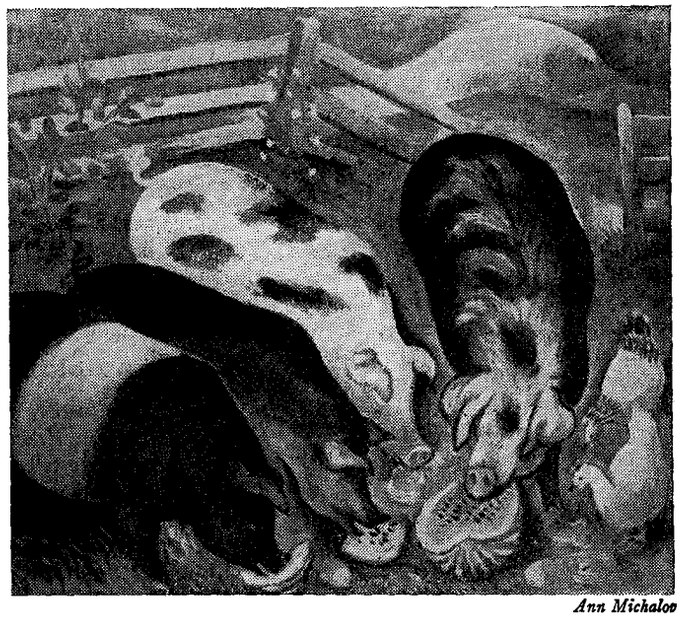
A count of the definitely naturalistic and modern pictures shows an approximate tie — about sixty for each school. If those of modern flavor are added, the modern count rises to 100. A hundred artists out of 165, that is to say, have abandoned straight copying of subject and taken creative liberties — have played with color and color harmony, have changed subject to suit mood or fancy, have dramatized and designed their material. Only 60 of the 165 remain untouched by the modern revolution and continue to graze contentedly in the copying pasture.

This is the highest average I remember to have found for the moderns in any recent, large, mixed exhibit. If it means anything it means that enlightenment does permeate the general human mind, even of artists, surely if slowly. A quarter of a century to gain so much does seem slow; let us be thankful it is also sure.

Another way to classify paintings is according to the artist's vision. How does he deal with subject? Does he depend on an actual scene, still life, or model before him which he then proceeds to copy, if a naturalistic artist, or to reorganize into a symphony of form and color, if a creative one? Or does he look at life and experience as a whole and from them build his own conception? This measuring rod cuts across both schools. And both schools are represented in each division.

Paintings which are original conceptions (one, entitled "My Grandfather," by Charlotte R. Major of Milwaukee, gives the tools, shavings, book, ship model, church, flowers, inlaid table, and grave by which Grandfather is remembered) are, in this or any exhibit, extremely few. There total here comes to about nine. Those which create a new entity out of a subject which was observed as the artist worked total at least thirty-one. Thus there is a grand total of 40 outstanding creations among 165 works.

To gain distinction, creative vision must be supported by a sensitive feeling for the organization of form, color, and space into design. Among the forty with original vision, about seventeen adequately use this additional enrichment. These I should qualify as distinguished works of contemporary art.



Ann Michalov

Here, then, is a high percentage of distinction. It makes this showing an exciting and stimulating experience. It earns congratulations for the artists of the Patteran Society of Buffalo who first conceived the event.

The painting, "Pigs," reproduced above, is an important creative work. It is not an actual copied scene. It is a conception based on knowledge of barnyard life, the habits of pigs and chickens and the essential character of their environment — all of which have been dramatized into a delightful expression of piggish greed. It is good color and design. It is of the Middle West. It is a credit to the Great Lakes region and North American art.

Ralph M. Pearson

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

25 Years of 'Spoon River'

One of the surprises of the poetry renascence of twenty-five years ago was the *Spoon River Anthology* of Edgar Lee Masters.

These epitaphs began to appear in *Reedy's Mirror* in the spring of 1914 under the pseudonym of "Webster Ford." Like chapters of a novel, the separate pieces ran serially, from three to ten, from half a column to a page each week.

Edgar Lee Masters, then a lawyer defending a strike case for the waitresses' union, said he wrote them on scraps of paper, on the margins of newspapers, on old envelopes in his pocket, in the train on his way downtown, in his law office in spare time, at the restaurant table at luncheon alone, on Sunday at home, and on a two-week vacation at Spring Lake in Michigan in the summer. He would bring them in to his secretary, Jacob Prassel, to type, and only Prassel, Carl Sandburg, and Masters' wife, besides William Marion Reedy, knew their authorship.

The poems were printed and reprinted. The public demanded the identity of "Webster Ford," but Masters refused, fearing disclosure might damage his legal career. Finally he yielded to the pleas of his wife and his editor, and in November *Reedy's Mirror* published a great spread disclosing the identity of "Webster Ford." Simultaneously the *New York Times* carried the big story.

Before the epitaphs appeared in book form as the *Spoon River Anthology*, John Cowper Powys secured the proofs of the book from Theodore Dreiser and lectured on it. Powys called Masters the "aboriginal American poet." The *Literary Digest* called it the "greatest book of the century." There were 246 epitaphs and 19 interrelated stories.

The succeeding twenty-five years have been crowded with books from the prolific pen of Edgar Lee Masters: in 1916, *Songs and Satires;* in 1917, *The Great Valley;* in 1918, *Toward the Gulf;* in 1919, *Starved Rock;* in 1921, *The Open Sea;* in 1924, *New Spoon River,* with 322 new epitaphs which Ludwig Lewisohn pronounced as good as the old. All in all, forty-five volumes bear the name of Masters, of which twenty-five have been poetry, four biographies — Lindsay, Whitman, Mark Twain, Lincoln — two boys' books, three novels, and several plays (two of which have been produced). Free of cults and "isms," sacrificing a lucrative law practice, Masters has unostentatiously given his life to his art.

In The Forum for January, 1916, William Stanley Braithewaite wrote of *Spoon River Anthology* that "never before has there been a man to do this thing; a man endowed with sufficient keenness of insight and craft of portraiture."

A — Poetry of Permanence

Collected Poems of Robert Frost (Holt, $5.00). The first complete edition of Mr. Frost's poems since 1930. Robert Frost is to our soil what Einstein is to space, Shapley to the stars.

B — Poetry of Distinction

Christ's Comet, by Christopher Hassall (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). Four B.C. and A.D. 30 are telescoped in poetic drama without the appearance of the main actor.

Scarlet Anne, by Theda Kenyon (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). This is the metrical romance of Anne Hutchinson, intellectual individualist of the Puritans. It is an important link in the chain of historical poems of America which our poets are now forging. Presently we shall be able to read our way from 1492 to the New Deal without stumbling on a line of prose.

All in One Breath, by David Morton (Macmillan, $1.75). The Amherst tradition lives on in the faultless lyrics of David Morton. These fifty shorter lyrics will be followed soon by another volume of fifty sonnets.

Inner Landscape, by May Sarton (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). This second volume of verse by a young poet reveals a further development of delicate intensity and restrained but exalted perception. In her own words, "the structure of this passion is a spire."

Slow Wall, by Leonora Speyer (Knopf, $2.00). The spirit in these perfect poems ascends, even when the theme is death. There is not a complaint, not a single undertone of defeat. As Padraic Colum said of the earlier works of Leonora Speyer, "her words are not still as for epitaph, they are vibrant as for procession."

Collected Poems 1922–1938, by Mark Van Doren (Holt, $3.50). Mark Van Doren is not only the best poet in the talented Van Doren family but in many respects the most widely representative poet of America today. This collection is distinguished interpretation in verse of the American scene.

C — Verse of Merit

Brief Pageantry, by Jehanne de Mare (Comet, $1.50). Spontaneous and uneven — the poetry of a spirited child.

Mirage Water, by Lord Dunsany (Dorrance, $1.75). Gentle conceits in gracious rhythm.

Poems, by Alvin Foote (Caxton, $1.50). A Colorado post-office clerk pauses to make reality seem more real — without sentiment but without rancor.

West of East, by Harry Elmore Hurd (privately printed). This is an outstanding example of publication by radio. Mr. Hurd's vibrant verses about horses and dogs, the tall timber, and the Golden West, when read silently, yield the same electric tremor that they gave over the air.

I Have Seen Monsters and Angels, by Eugene Jolas (Transition, Paris). "Ruckly reel the bustagraphs." New verse in transcendental mood by the editor of *Transition.*

Selected Poems, by Sister M. Madeleva (Macmillan, $1.60). "Day has its sun, and night the stars, but God has candlelight."

Breath of All Living, by David MeOfor (Imagery, $2.00). A new Hebrew prophet evokes new imagery from the realities of today.

Lines at Intersection, by Josephine Miles (Macmillan, $1.60). The first collection of another young poet. The title is a true description of this verse that is clean, aware, and unadorned.

Other Titles

Lament for the Storm, by Katherine Garrison Chapin (Centaur). Thumb-Prints, by Byron Chew (Bar D, $0.15). Poems, by Flora Louise Pousette-Dart (Oquaga, $1.00). Stardrift, by Mary Morris Duane (Chapman, $2.00). The Second Poetry House Anthology, edited by Michael Everett (Poetry House, $3.00). Love's Fulfillment, by William A. McKeever (School of Psychology, $2.00). This Unquenched Thirst, by Minnie Markham Kerr (Dorrance, $1.50). Comber Cove, by Wilson MacDonald (McBride, $2.00).

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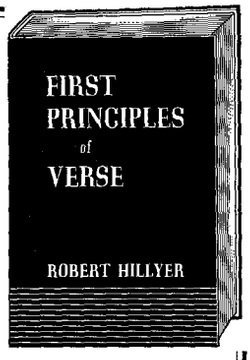

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TOASTS

STRUTHERS BURT, novelist, short-story writer, and essayist, lives in Philadelphia. He last appeared in THE FORUM in June, 1938, when we published his "Junior League Ladies."

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "Servant Trouble" has in her article identified herself as much as, in view of her husband's position, she feels is discreet.

IRVING B. PFLAUM was corresponding for the United Press from central Europe and the Balkans during most of the stirring events of last year. At present he is visiting the United States and reacquainting himself with the America he had not seen in six years.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is a young newspaperman from Oregon and author of *Our Promised Land*. He is working on a political novel of the pioneer Northwest.

WILLARD M. KIPLINGER, a well-known writer on economic subjects, has since 1920 been issuing the Kiplinger Washington Letters, perhaps the best known of the services intended to guide businessmen and investors by interpreting financial, industrial, and political trends.

E. JEROME ELLISON, former humorous artist and publicity man, is a free-lance writer and Associate Editor of *Reader's Digest*. This spring will herald his debut as a novelist, with *The Prisoner Ate a Hearty Breakfast*.

GORDON LAWRENCE is a writer, editor, and part-time naturalist.

DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE, economist and writer, has been a consistent supporter of most policies of the New Deal.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK is the author of numerous books and articles on business and industrial problems.

LOWELL BRENTANO has written or collaborated in a number of novels, plays, and motion pictures, about all of which he assumes a disarming modesty. "Give me ten more years," he pleads. "I may yet become the best worst writer in America."

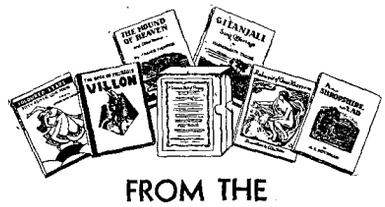
R. ERNEST DUPUY, Major, United States Field Artillery, is public-relations officer at the West Point Military Academy. He is the author of the recently published *If War Comes*.

LAWRENCE GOULD divided his early years between the pulpit and religious journalism. Later resigning from the ministry, he devoted himself to psychological studies and has been a consulting psychologist in New York for six years.

NANCY ASTOR is the very vocal Virginia-born member of the English House of Commons.

MARION CANBY has been writing verse for about ten years and has published two volumes of her poetry, *High Mowing* and *On My Way*.

A Treasure Box of Poetry



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HAYDN: SYMPHONY NO. 102 *in B Flat.* Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor M, AM 529; 3 records, $6.50).

BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 3 *in F Major, op. 90.* Felix Weingartner & London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 353; 4 records, $6.00).

MENDELSSOHN: CONCERTO *in E Minor, op. 64.* Yehudi Menuhin, violin, & Orchestre des Concerts Colonne, conducted by Enesco (Victor M, AM 531; 4 records, $7.00).

HAYDN: CONCERTO *in D Major, op. 21.* Marguerite Roesgen-Champion, piano, & Orchestre Symphonique de Paris (Columbia X-118; 2 records, $3.25).

MOZART: CONCERTO *in F Major, K. 37.* Marguerite Roesgen-Champion, harpsichord & Orchestre Symphonique de Paris (Columbia X-114; 2 records, $3.25).

DEBUSSY: PRELUDES, *vol. 1.* Walter Gieseking, piano (Columbia 352; 6 10 in. records, $6.50).

BACH: TOCCATAS *in C Minor & D Major.* Artur Schnabel, piano (Victor M, AM 532; 4 10 in. records, $6.00).

BACH: SONATAS *for Violin and Clavier, 2 vols.* Boris Schwartz, violin, & Alice Ehlers, harpsichord (Gamut MS 7, 8; each vol. 6 records, $9.50).

THE practices of large corporate enterprises frequently prompt the bewildered citizen to ponder the advantages of high-geared production and international trade combinations. Victor recorded a superlative performance of Haydn's B-flat symphony at Symphony Hall in Boston and proceeded to issue it abroad through its European affiliates two years before releasing it domestically. What induced this strange logic is a mystery that, perhaps, the visionaries guiding Victor's destiny can explain.

But blessed are the patient. The Haydn symphony is now available for American consumption, and the infectious musical magic, so vivaciously performed by Dr. Koussevitzky and impressively recorded, tends to diminish one's annoyance at the commercial practices that have delayed the symphony's local appearance for so long.

The B-flat symphony, one of the second set composed for Salomon, was written after Haydn had met and associated with Beethoven, and benefits from that auspicious contact. It is among Haydn's most mature music, containing dramatic treatment and symphonic extensions of a surprising nature. With the single reservation that a smaller orchestra would approximate more closely the true Haydn spirit, this recording should be welcomed by all Haydn partisans.

A DAY may come on which the major companies will cease flooding the market with superfluous duplicates of the same composition. Since that day is not here, add to the list of Brahms Thirds one by Weingartner and to the Mendelssohn Concertos a new version by Menuhin.

For the Weingartner set there is some justification, as any performance that tries to present Brahms in a favorable light is worth its salt. This reading, like anything else of Weingartner's, gets out of the music what it expresses, shorn of pseudopassionate interpolations. In short, Brahms's Third symphony has a spine in a Weingartner performance. The set is also graced by the incomparably lovely oboe playing of Leon Goosens of the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

THE only factors warranting the Menuhin version of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto are the excellence of the recording technique and the sympathetic accompaniment provided by Georges Enesco. For the rest, Menuhin's cold, aloof tone does not compare with the warmth of Szigeti in his version nor with the old, now withdrawn, Kreisler reading. Would that more thought were devoted to recording hitherto unrecorded works of excellence than to needless reissues.

TWO recent sets from Columbia introduce to the domestic market a keyboard artist of extraordinary musicality — Marguerite Roesgen-Champion.

In the Haydn Concerto, an early work that, nevertheless, has much in common with Beethoven's music of the first period, Mme. Roesgen-Champion plays the piano with forthright humor and charm, phrasing sensitively and controlling the dynamics superbly. Her poetic interpretation of the slow movement leaves little, if anything, to be desired, as it soars along a poignant melodic line. This is music and a performance that puts to flight those who would have Haydn a kindly, carefree, timid soul.

AT the harpsichord in the Mozart Concerto, Mme. Roesgen-Champion does not convey so captivating an impression as she does at the piano, especially when one has the remarkable performance of Ralph Kirkpatrick still resounding in his ears.

The Concerto, like most of Mozart's early works, is arranged from compositions by others. In this case, the Köchel Index says the concerto is arranged from music by Raupach and Honauer. And some authorities add that the slow movement is arranged from music by Schoebert. At any rate, Mozart's mark is on the music, and a unique, zestful, spontaneous mark it is, a mark unmistakable in the history of sound. It is Mozart who stands our hair on end, whether by improvising on the music of others, as in this case, or by actually composing something new. Hence, the scintillating freshness of this music makes this set indeed tempting.

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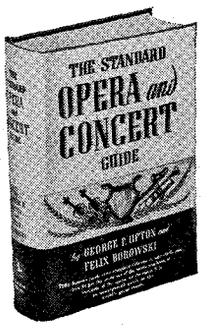

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The Record Review

FOLLOWING the album of Debussy piano music, by Gieseking, of a year ago, comes this set of the first volume of Debussy Preludes. For one who cannot resist Gieseking's fascinating colorings and sensuous approach, it will have considerable appeal.

Debussy impressionism and Gieseking artistry are here exquisitely matched, backgrounded by a splendid recording of piano tone. To single out specific preludes is dangerous; yet I dare to call special attention to *La serenade interrompue* and *Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest* for sheer excitement and exotic rapture.

BACH composed seven toccatas for clavier, of which the C Minor and D Major are representative. "Toccata" loosely means "touch piece," a work that is used for display but that has a certain melodic flow to give it stature. Groups of short, related movements of varying tempos and treatment, the Bach toccatas are woven together into works that might have been called sonatas, in the original sense of the term.

Although Schnabel's playing is to be respected, one is more convinced in these records by the personality of the artist than by the manner in which he projects the product of the composer. The music is too freely and romantically interpreted to re-create the proper feeling. The set is a grand exhibition of Schnabel's pianism but not of Bach's glorious creative power.

AMONG the smaller companies is Gamut, which is to be applauded thoroughly for making music as it should sound. That is, Gamut is more concerned with music than virtuosity and in the present case, with offering the six violin and harpsichord sonatas of Bach in a spirit that suits the tenor of the music. Thus, the shortcomings of Mr. Schwartz as a violinist and of Miss Ehlers as a harpsichordist become minimized in the face of their zealous and genuinely Bachish performance.

Of the six sonatas, nos. 4, 5, and 6 (comprising MS 8) have more musical attraction than the first three. The lines have greater flow and the counterpoint tends to serve more musical ends. In both volumes the recording is spacious and bright, the harpsichord being recorded glowingly. Mr. Schwartz's shrillness and excessive vibrato are sometimes liabilities, but the playing is sincere throughout and beautiful in places, particularly in Miss Ehlers' solo in the Fifth Sonata.

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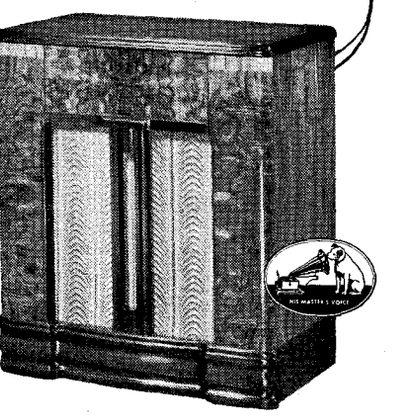

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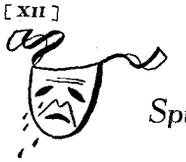

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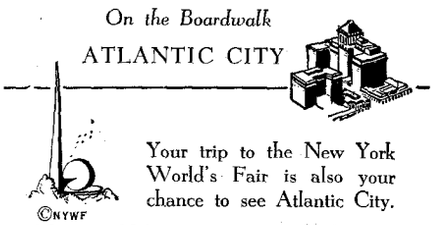

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Travel Briefs

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

BEFORE you can shriek, "Grover Whalen!" in Esperanto, the New York World's Fair 1939 will be on you. By that time, of course, the real traveler will have completed all his arrangements, not only for the journey to the Fair but also, as is the Thing to Do this year, for the continuation of a tour in which the Fair becomes the starting point.

There has been a decided rush to take advantage of the railroads' offer of "two fairs for one ticket" at special rates; and everything seems to indicate that this will be a year in which hordes of people will make their long cherished travel dreams come true.

Transatlantic steamship lines — Cunard, Anchor, French, and U. S. — report heavy Fair bookings from Europe, with the majority of passengers planning to continue to San Francisco for the festivities there and to return to New York, eventually, by way of Canada.

American and foreign cruise vessels are booked heavily for Bermuda, Nassau, Caribbean, and South American cruises as follow-ups to the great international trek to the Fair.

In addition, hotels and resorts up and down the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are anticipating record-breaking throngs of visitors; so, with road, rail, sea, and air transportation companies looking also for a peak season, it will do you no harm to have your plans made early.

MAYBE you already know a good deal about the New York World's Fair. If you don't, here is, briefly, what it is all about:

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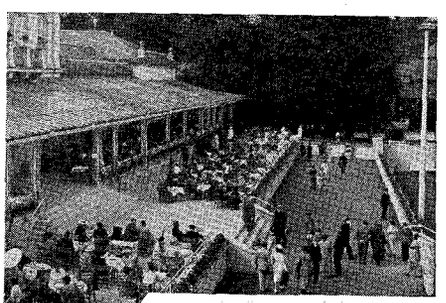

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Travel

ernment; States and territories; the City of New York; industrial, labor, and civic groups; art and science organizations.

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These are the bare facts. We could go on indefinitely, but words are totally inadequate — our words, anyway.

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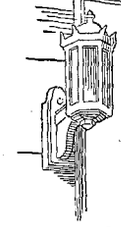

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Forum Quiz Answers

1. (c) *Pare Lorentz* [Did *The River*, etc.]
2. (a) *"Well, Claude, it's about struggling artists in Paris who'd rather fall in love than paint."*
3. (a) *the Catholics*
4. (a) *Every fourth president since Taylor has died in office, and there have been three since Harding.*
5. (c) *Bryant* [*Thanatopsis.*]
6. (b) *harness the tides*
7. (a) *"Is Gertie going to write for the movies?"* [Miss Toklas is the famous secretary to Gertrude Stein.]
8. (c) *Rupert Brooke* [From *The Great Lover.*]
9. (b) *Susan B. Anthony*
10. (c) *transfer its control to an international board*
11. (b) *secrete bile*
12. (b) *superior to the French and English combined fleets*
13. (d) *Michelangelo was a poet as well as an artist.*
14. (d) *Utrillo*
15. (a) *It is located on a (largely) artificial island, in the bay.*
16. (b) *Botticelli*
17. (b) *Frederic Goudy*
18. (a) *good acting, historical plays, and fair music*
19. (c) *Jewish persecutions* [He is the young Jew who shot vom Rath in the German Embassy in Paris.]
20. (a) *itinerant, wandering, or "hobo" students*
21. (a) *Joseph Breen* [In direct charge, for the Hays office.]
22. (b) *the crouch*
23. (b) *"Six, Miriam. Now go on reading Ulysses."*
24. (a) *Wendell Willkie* [President of Commonwealth & Southern, who has battled over the TVA]
25. (c) The Scarlet Letter
26. (c) *Le Corbusier* [A Frenchman]
27. (b) *sea chests*
28. (d) *stir a drink*
29. (d) *Thomas Dewey* [He is a lawyer; all the others are educators.]
30. (d) *pray and play it*
31. (a) *a worn-out used car*
32. (c) *It is often diagnosed as some other disease* [Comes from eating infected pork.]
33. (a) *removing bone from the skull*
34. (b) *Do you think at your age, it is right?* [From Lewis Carroll's *You Are Old, Father William.*]
35. (d) *sail closer to the wind*
36. (a) *an instrumental composition in three or four movements*
37. (b) *pool*
38. (a) *Oedipus*
39. (a) *Ellery Sedgwick and Neysa McMein* [Mr. Sedgwick was formerly Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly;* Miss McMein is a magazine illustrator.
40. (a) *Australia is smaller in area than the U. S.*

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FORUM Quiz Contest

OVER 250 FORUM readers took time out of busy days to tell the editors what they thought about the FORUM Quiz. To the winners in the contest our congratulations, and to the many other readers who offered helpful suggestions our sincere thanks.

Almost every letter contained an opinion or reaction that has been helpful in tailoring the Quiz to the FORUM audience, in making it an integral part of the magazine, in offering readers an entertaining means of keeping up with developments in politics, science, sports, business, and the arts.

"Most of us," says Marion S. Mayo, "have regular check-ups on our automobiles, homes, and teeth, but few of us take periodic inventory of our mental warehouses. That is the Quiz's job."

A Nebraska reader, Neva Dell Mettlen, describes the Quiz as being "as painless a mode of liberal education as may be found this side of Utopia."

Well, the department has not attained that degree of perfection and never will, but the editors do want to present a monthly test whereby the intelligent reader can check up on his knowledge of the world's affairs, past and present. The Quiz of course should inform as well as test, and it should never lose sight of the fact that even the most serious subjects have their sprightly side. The reader should laugh, as well as ponder or remember.

Judging by the letters, the present Quiz is not far from what it should be, but as a result of the contest, certain changes are being made.

First of all, more scores will be printed in the introductory paragraph — the scores of two or three well-known people or less publicized mortals, such as a "college senior," a "housewife," a "grade-school teacher," or an "accountant."

While a number of readers would like to see the number of questions increased to fifty, the present arrangement of forty appears to suit most.

The present multiple-choice type of question also appears to be best. It has long been used in the more abstruse (and stuffy) psychological tests and has proved its worth.

Several readers indicated that the Quiz should have true-or-false queries, in addition to the multiple-choice, but this would appear to the editors as working against clarity and simplicity.

Quite a few teachers are now using the Quiz in class, as a welcome change from routine. It also seems a great help in entertaining friends, although Robert Willer writes, "We read the Quiz to some afternoon callers last Sunday, and they got so absorbed in it, they all stayed for supper. Some of them thought the Quiz too easy, but don't make it too tough. Next time we might have to put them up for the night." Another reader says that, on one evening each month, every person in his group puts up fifty cents, and the one with the highest score takes all.

Dr. H. Reid Hunter notices that the Quiz has had a high percentage of literary questions, and he believes that their number should be somewhat reduced. (This will be done.) "Furthermore," he writes, "you have few questions dealing directly with the subject of radio, one of the greatest agencies for adult education in America."

Another reader, H. F. Hancox, believes that the Quiz should have more questions on the natural sciences, sociology, and education.

C. E. Rozzelle suggests, among other things, that more religious questions should be included: "Why not a few queries on religion and church affairs? How about occasional questions on Judaism, Catholicism, or the Protestant movements and leaders?"

The Quiz Editor will welcome questions from readers relating to religion at work in the world today, and on any other subject.

Pyke Johnson, Jr., suggests that the "Editors should include questions based on FORUM articles. This will give him who must read as he runs a chance to check up on his reading ability and possibly point out an article or topic that he may have overlooked."

The point is well taken. As a matter of fact, the Quiz Editor has prepared such questions in recent months, but they were not used in the final selections. Some appear, however, in this month's Quiz.

In future months there will be more questions on our own national government, its policies, problems, agencies, and measures for defense. In the present clash of ideologies, what could be more timely than a thorough checkup of our understanding of American democracy?

One or two readers point out that the Quiz appears shy to them on questions relating to subjects west of the Mississippi.

"Hats off to the Quiz," writes C. B. Tavenner, "for not taking itself too seriously, and for respecting the quizzee's intelligence, but thumbs down on that faint odor of New York provincialism that oozes out now and then."

The Quiz Editor has traveled in all parts of the country and will see to it that the Quiz, for all practical purposes, is geographically representative.

Several readers have objected to questions on the movies: "Hollywood is hopeless. Why insult our intelligence?"

Well, an art form which influences eighty million Americans every week can scarcely be ignored. It all depends on what kind of questions are asked. Charles Laughton, Paul Muni, Walt Disney, and Frank Capra, for example, are all men of cultural importance and stature. Questions on their work, what they are doing in

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Quiz Contest

films, are quite in order. Quite out of order and quite unimportant are those questions relating to their private lives.

The same policy should apply to queries dealing with popular interests, fads, or foibles. The fact that we may say, "Kathleen Norris is the most widely read person in America," does not imply that we approve of the situation. Obviously, any person interested in literature will select whatever writers suit his taste, but he should also know something about writers who suit other people's tastes — if only as a matter of understanding popular psychology. Public taste should be understood for what it is, and even the lowly comic strip is not above scrutiny.

As for questions on New York's three best known night clubs, the liveliest one in Los Angeles, how to mix a certain cocktail or prepare a buffet dish, the season's most popular or most publicized debutante, the personality or character traits of men and women in important posts — all these are matters one must meet or discuss in daily life, and the tolerant person finds it simplest to know something of them, if only to make friendly conversation.

As before, there will be a number of questions dealing with social and political *problems* of all kinds and their solutions.

As Nina Draxten points out, "The Quiz should test one's judgment just as it tests one's knowledge."

We will, as usual, avoid such questions as the number of square miles in Patagonia or the length in miles of the Suez Canal. We do not care so much who built the Suez Canal as we do about the struggle for its control which may precipitate a new war.

A number of readers suggested that the Quiz should subdivide the questions under various headings, such as "national affairs," "art," and the like.

It is the present plan to keep the mixed order of presentation but to divide the questions about equally among the six classifications now listed in the introductory paragraph: literature, science, sports, business, politics, and the arts.

Quite a number of readers have approved the addition of a Superquiz each month and an occasional Quiz on a specific subject, such as sport or modern art, but space does not permit this at present.

The editors regret that space does not permit publishing the many fine letters that have been received. Further suggestions in future will be most welcome.

A number of persons have inquired the identity of the person who prepares the Quiz. He is a magazine writer, living in New York, who was engaged for several years in newspaper work in the Middle West. His name is Jo Chamberlin. He is thirty-four years old, a graduate of the University of Michigan and the University of London.

—The Editors

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

Pan-Americanism

To the Editor:

You have done a most valuable service in the editorial calling attention to the Lima Conference ["The Declaration of Lima, March Forum]. The Lima Declaration, in spite of all the cynical remarks of those who believe the word of no one but themselves, represents many high principles and has set up an ideal for the continent in these days of tremendous stress. Like our own Declaration of Independence, this Declaration is an expression of ideals. It is to be hoped others will follow the example of The Forum and give positive encouragement to these governments in attaining the principles outlined in the historic document signed at Lima.

S. G. Inman

Bronxville, N. Y.

Marriage Okay, Says Reader

To the Editor:

My first reaction to Miss Caroline Fuhr's article, "The Fortunate Spinster" [March Forum], was to say "Fooey, just sour grapes," but thinking it over I wondered if she was not more or less afraid to accept the responsibility. . . .

. . . To make a marriage succeed, a great deal of adjustment must take place. . . . Here you have two personalities thrown together who must eat at the same table, share the same bed and try to keep out of each other's way when he is shaving and you are trying to put on your make-up — but is it fun!

True, Miss Fuhr is right on some points but she has taken in "a little too much territory" as we wives are not all quite as drab and hopeless as she pictures. . . .

. . . . . .

As to enjoying nothing but the sexual side of married life, let me say in my opinion Miss Fuhr is wrong, at least with a great many of us. I realize that there are those who do not think of anything else but please give the rest of us a little credit. . . . Marriage must be based on something more enduring than the purely physical. It must have the elements of friendship, co-operation, and understanding. To sit down and talk over some important problem with a person who understands or to exchange the happenings of the day over the dinner table — how I would hate to miss all this by being single.

. . . You see we have not lost interest in everything in life just because we happen to be so unfortunate as to be married. . . .

I believe I can truly say my heart goes out to those people who have not been able to adjust themselves and are unhappy in being married but for myself and many of our friends I can say that we would not change places with Miss Fuhr (who I can hear saying that she would like to hear my husband's side of the story).

Anyway, I love being married.

Genevieve E. Foster

San Francisco, Calif.

'America Can Help'

Dear Friends in America:

By the time this letter reaches you it will be Christmas [It was January. — Ed.] — the season for world rejoicing in freedom and good-will. From across the seas, we send you our heart-felt greetings. At this time however let us remember the Countless thousands in betrayed Czechoslovakia, in tyrannized Austria and the thousands of Jews deprived of nationality or persecuted in their home-land. For them the spirit of Christmas fighting for those rights which democracy and freedom give and we are confident that America which stands for these same ideas, is our closest friend. Moreover we feel that America and the democracies of the world should stand united and thru an awakened public opinion, firmly resolve to devise ways and means by which aggression and international lawlessness shall be curbed.

Do you realize that Japan is buying 54% of her munitions from the U. S. A. Her heavy industry depends upon a grade of steel and the type of machinery that can be bought only in America. Her military truck air plane oil and gasoline come largely from your country. It is your purchase of Japan's chief export silk that enables her to buy these indispensable supplies from you. 97% of your silk comes from Japan. 85% of all the silk that she exports is sold in the U. S. A.

America can help to stop aggression in China. A welded public opinion in America against Japan and her imperialistic policy can be a most effective instrument and we are appealing to you to be a part of this force. This is how you can help write to your friends and organizations we particularly wish that you will send letters to men in key government positions urging them to make unlawful the sale or shipment of arms and munitions and other war materials to aggressor nations.

You will thus be actively contributing to the cause of peace and will make this Christmas significant as a step toward the goal of the time "peace on earth good will toward men."

Sincerely,

A Chinese Student

Shanghai, China

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RUMFORE
CONCOR

A WARNING *to men who would like to be independent in the next five years*

A $30 a week man may rise to $40 a week just by waiting long enough. Time and seniority eventually may bring the increase.

It is even possible for a $50 a week man to reach $75 a week by the same patient waiting.

But *waiting* will never raise a $5,000 man to $10,000. That is why most men who reach $5,000 never reach $10,000.

Health, youth, good appearance, patience, will carry a man just so far in business. You cannot draw forever on that bank account unless you put something else in. Somewhere between $5,000 and $10,000 a year you will stop dead.

Those who go further add something to their equipment at the same time they are drawing on it.

Profound changes are taking place in business—this year, this month, *now*. The man who sees in these changes his opportunity for independence and power is the man who will make his fortune in the next five years.

BUT this opportunity, like all great opportunities, is fraught with danger. Business today is new and complex. The old rules will no longer work.

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The man who would take advantage of opportunity today dare not grope. His experience alone is a dangerous guide. Perhaps he has no time to figure out all the possibilities and pitfalls. Perhaps he lacks contact with the big, constructive minds of business.

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Chairman of the Board
United States Steel Corporation

(continued in next column)

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.
Chairman of the Board
General Motors Corporation

MAJOR B. FOSTER
Chairman, Dept. of Banking and Finance, New York University

THOMAS J. WATSON
President, International Business Machines Corporation

FREDERICK W. PICKARD
Vice-President, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.

COLBY M. CHESTER, JR.
Chairman of the Board
General Foods Corporation

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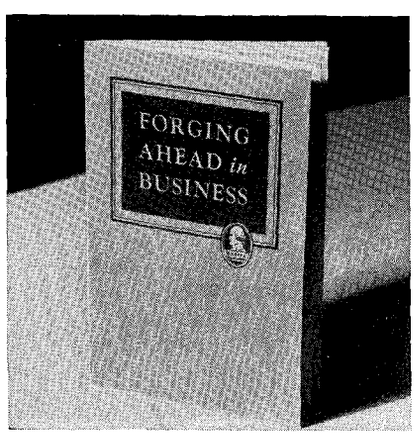
We will send you this booklet if you will simply give us your name and address on the coupon below. But we do not urge you to send for it. If you are the type of man for whom the Institute Course and Service has been constructed, if you are determined to take advantage of the rich opportunities of the next five years, you will send for it without urging.



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MAPLE

All of these have found their way into the coat of arms, standards and emblems of the British Empire. With the forthcoming visit of King George VI and Elizabeth, his Scottish Queen, attention turns to these heraldic symbols of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

The May issue of NATURE MAGAZINE contains a fascinating article delving into the history of these royal symbols. It is the story of heraldry — the "shorthand of history" — and the interesting way in which Nature has played an important part in its development.

Beaver-Rat That Is Neither Beaver nor Rat

The saleslady in the fur store will tell you it is Nutria. If pressed she will admit that it is a South American rat fur. But from whence it comes it is called beaver-rat.

Actually it is one of those fascinating detours that Nature often makes with her kind. It's not Nutria because that is Spanish for otter. It's not beaver; and it's not a rat. But it has lovely fur and leads a strange life, all of which is told in the May issue of NATURE MAGAZINE.

New Zealand's Kea Is Not the Killer Claimed

NATURE MAGAZINE dislikes to upset the school books, but the Kea — the parrot from "down under" — is not the sheep killing villain he is painted. After careful study by an eminent bird authority, this story is disproved. Read it in the May NATURE MAGAZINE.

And, In Addition . . .

Many other features of interest to those who take Nature pictures, study the heavens, use the microscope, teach the sciences, or just enjoy the outdoors and the many fascinating things it holds.

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TOASTS

STRUTHERS BURT, the well-known novelist and a frequent contributor to THE FORUM on a variety of subjects, lives in Philadelphia.

H. A. MILTON is the pen name of a young academician who fears the shock of his radical action would be too much for his old friends, if he revealed his identity. Oddly enough, a late news flash brings the unconfirmed rumor that he has backslid into another teaching job. It seems hardly possible that he could have been spoofing us.

CORLEY MCDARMENT is a retired army aviator, a Kentuckian, something of a world traveler, and a prolific journalist. He learned to fly in wartime, incidentally, at Cornell while Elmer Andrews was likewise an aviation cadet there.

L. F. GITTLER is a young American journalist who has spent most of his time since 1932 in Berlin. There he edited an American weekly and studied in the Nazi political college and in a medical school. At present he is at work on a book to be called *Return to Berlin.*

MARY M. COLUM concludes this month her present "Life and Literature" series. She may spend the forthcoming months again in Paris, where she worked last summer on a Guggenheim fellowship.

WILLIAM BEEBE is undoubtedly America's best-known writer on the natural sciences and, even to those who have never read a line he wrote, is familiar as "the man in the bathysphere" (in which role he has descended below the sea to the record level of more than half a mile).

RALPH C. ROPER is a Middle Western lawyer, who has been living and practicing in New York City for some years. He is Executive Vice Chairman of the American Discussion League.

JOHN W. STUDEBAKER, United States Commissioner of Education, is another native of the Middle West, who directed city school activities in Des Moines, Iowa, for twenty years, before succeeding to his present post in Washington in 1934.

THOMAS M. WOODWARD, a member of the newly created Maritime Commission, is a Washington lawyer who is also attorney to the Interstate Commerce Commission and for the Director General of Railroads.

TOM BOGGS is a young poet and anthologist who lives in New York City. He is associated with the Powgen Press.

Erratum: THE FORUM regrets that the April "Toasts" referred to Major R. Ernest Dupuy as author of *If War Comes.* Major Dupuy is coauthor of the book, in collaboration with Major George Fielding Eliot.

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Next Month

and later

WHOSE ANTI-SEMITISM?

Struthers Burt

The second of Mr. Burt's articles on "Why Hate the Jews?" will discuss more specifically the present flux of anti-Semitism in this country, its origins and methods and those who sponsor it.

ECONOMISTS ARE NO PROPHETS

Walter A. Terpenning

An economist himself, Author Terpenning searches for the frontier where economic science ends and human imponderables govern events. He finds it — but not located so as to lend much authority to the pronouncements of our multitude of self-styled forecasters.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

G. B. Stern

The talented English woman novelist writes some human, humorous observations of life in this country as contrasted with her own — and particularly about our stand-by, the American Woman.

(SIGNED) THE FORGOTTEN MAN

Johnston Avery

An article by a thousand authors — not those citizens who write letters to editors but those who have written to their government, specifically, to Robert H. Jackson, Solicitor General of the United States. Mr. Avery has gone through the Solicitor General's mailbag and compiled a significant collection.

WHERE ARE WE GOING AND WHY?

James Thurber

If you are not already aware that James Thurber's admiration for the human race is less than overwhelming, this essay will inform you. Confirmed Thurber addicts will find it different from the usual product of the Master — and yet carrying an unmistakable resemblance.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS — William Lyon Phelps (Oxford, $3.75).
AMERICAN EARTH — Carleton Beals (Lippincott, $3.00).
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MAKING LIFE INTERESTING — Wendell White (Macmillan, $2.50).
WAR IN OUR TIME — edited by Hans Speier & Alfred Kähler (Norton, $3.00).
YOU CAN'T EAT THAT! — Helen Morgan (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).
FREMONT — Allan Nevins (Appleton-Century, $5.00).
PREHISTORIC LIFE — Percy E. Raymond (Harvard, $5.00).

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE'S last book of verse is not, what it is announced to be, a novel. Yet it is sustained narrative of breathless beauty. Innocent but unfortunate is any masculine reader whose life stream has never encountered the Clare of La Farge's ravishing lines. However noble such a reader's character, he must always remain a little less than the gods.

Nor is this book what many good critics will assert it to be, a great poem. By proclaiming it a poem, one challenges a folk tradition of four thousand years. Narrative verse is by nature a vehicle for describing Homeric lives or heroic episodes. Not even Masefield has succeeded when attempting novelettes in verse. Verse is expression suitable for interpreting exalted moods. Today we are all trying in vain to exalt the commonplace and to prove in art the scientific proposition that whatever is is equally miraculous, whether it be the harmonious course of successful matrimony or a can of garbage in the backyard. Prose, however, remains unchallenged the proper instrument with which to narrate the normal.

Yet this book does contain poetry of very high order. New metaphors intoxicate the imagination. The metrical arrangements are painstaking but successful. The structure changes with the mood, not with the character. Throughout is the stress and staccato and the frequent double accent of contemporary American conversation. The heavy tread of the spondee alternates with the spring of the dactyl. Each episode is introduced by a philosophical sonnet. Occasionally we even break lyrically into rhyme.

Breathless narrative we have here and page after page of poetry. But the book is not a novel, not a poem. It is a metrical experiment of consummate skill. As a failure it is magnificent.

Though we wish this story had been told in a prose as distinguished in its artistry as the verse form which the author has chosen, we must not overlook the fact that he has restored to the arts the normal life of responsible Americans. The Cottrells and their friends are the same respectable white-collar people of every American town who became the heroes and heroines of the best American fiction from the Civil War to the World War. Since that time they have been neglected as completely by artists as by politicians. It is far easier to celebrate the violence of the proletariat, the abuses of the abnormal, the criminal acts in low places and high. To dramatize the routine of life requires an exacting art. There is small reason to doubt that *Each to the Other* is the important book of 1939.

H. G. L.

THREE autobiographies top the May list, all by writers who have taken part in more than fifty active years of American affairs, and from them you get a rich and varied picture of this country since the Civil War.

Fighting Years, the life story of Oswald Garrison Villard, will hearten liberals who grow pessimistic these days and lose faith in our sturdy, impulsive tradition of decency. Grandson of the Garrison who contributed so much to freeing the slaves, Mr. Villard has himself been concerned with the welfare of the underprivileged throughout his distinguished journalistic career. As editor of the *New York Evening Post* and, later, of the *Nation*, he has been a close observer of events that shaped our recent history. He has a talent for getting at the main sources of activity and counteractivity in troubled times and is fearless in publishing what he finds.

Chronicles of the Spanish-American War, not designed to please the jingoist, enliven his pages; stories drawn from his intimacy with Wilson make his testimony about the World War immediate and important; his account of the sinking of the *Lusitania* and its aftermath is a real contribution to historical writing. And his

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scorn of Attorney General Palmer, who tried to become president by his illegal, radical raids in the 1920's will make you lift an eyebrow toward one or two of our present congressmen.

All this is not to say that Mr. Villard is only a political observer. He was once a small boy and he gives full, mellow account of his young, uncontentious years. He writes tenderly of the Germany he knew long ago, although he thinks with grim clarity about the Nazis who have changed the face of what he considers a beloved foster-fatherland. A generous humanity runs through *Fighting Years* and makes it as warm and lovable as it is honest.

No less forthright is Ida M. Tarbell's *All In the Day's Work*. As the title suggests, this is the story of Miss Tarbell's many undertakings rather than a detailed revelation of inner life and emotion. Except for the first chapters, where she gives a very moving account of her growing-up years in the Pennsylvania oil fields, she has imposed on herself a severe detachment that serves her well. With complete candor she explains how she wrote her great exposé of Standard Oil for S. S. McClure in his muckraking days and how that job was not inconsistent with the later activities for which she was reproached by many who thought she had "sold out to the interests." She was never a crusader, she protests, even though she had often to work in the company of those who burned for a cause. Pacifism, trust "busting," "votes for women" were all things she approved, but she would never let them dominate her thought and action. She must be free to make independent judgment of events as they came. At the age of eighty, she is still independent and possessed of a vitality that gives extraordinary zest to her book.

In *Autobiography With Letters*, William Lyon Phelps tallies up the work he has done, the people he has known, the great fun he has had. The final figure is enormous. At one time he read and reviewed an average of 250 books a year, taught huge classes at Yale, and lectured on the side. The number of his friendships is enormous, and the record of his cheerfulness is truly staggering. We can't think of anyone else who has so consistently enjoyed living. The result is naturally one of the gayest and most entertaining personal histories ever written.

The surprise book of the month is *American Earth*, in which Carleton Beals surveys not South or Latin America but the vast rich land of these United States. He has traveled a prodigious number of miles up and down the country; he has lived and worked on farms and ranches, in lumber camps and orchards and (though it's a minor mystery where he found the time) he has read a lot of unusual books about the way the land was before the white man began to swarm over it. All this history and experience he has kneaded together into a series of sharp portraits: America fat and healthy in the days when flocks of pigeons were so huge that trees snapped under their weight — America spendthrift of natural wealth — America with a lean and hungry look, facing the necessity of a strenuous regimen of conservation and planning.

As always, Mr. Beals writes on the side of the oppressed. Here it is the earth itself, as well as people who inhabit it, that he vigorously defends. The share cropper, the migratory fruit worker have been abused along with the soil and the forests and the grazing ranges; but the problems of exploited human beings and exploited natural resources, he believes, are inseparable.

In his search for a solution, he has gathered stories and facts never before put together in one volume. Of all his books, this is the richest in unexpected pleasures. We liked every robust chapter of it, and it goes on our permanent shelf of things that must be reread.

Wendell White starts off his *Psychology of Making Life Interesting* with the sound proposal that you make *yourself* interesting; and the dullest dog of us all should be considerably brightened by an application of the methods he advises. Supplementary routes away from boredom are, however, to be found. If you can't or don't want to sparkle, you can direct your energy toward one or a dozen of the enjoyable pursuits Mr. White outlines. The key to the whole thing is and always has been variety. The colonial Puritans, he points out, hadn't such a bad time of it, because their daily life was full of suspense and diversity. But a puritan in this machine age is very likely headed toward the madhouse. Turning from the individual to the community, Mr. White has suggestions for expanded recreation projects and much good to say for the enlightened work already begun by our various governmental agencies.

It cost seven thousand dollars to kill one man in the Napoleonic wars. By the time of the World War, the price had doubled, and the current expense of eliminating human beings has risen to an all-time high. This is only one appalling fact to be gleaned from perhaps the most pertinent book of the month. *War in Our Time*, an almost clinical examination of the various phases of this disease that afflicts the world, is the collective work of the graduate faculty in the New School

IDA M. TARBELL'S

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The Book Forum

for Social Research. Exiles all from Italy and Germany, these professors speak with more than mere academic authority. Nevertheless, they have not allowed their antifascist opinions to affect their detached examination of the phenomenon of war. It is not enough to object to war; it is essential to know exactly what war means. To read their book is to know what happens to society as a whole in periods of armed conflict. Though sober and restrained in manner, its content has much that is dramatic.

IF you can't drink champagne without getting hives and a terrible wheeze, then you are allergic to that particular drink; but life doesn't necessarily become a burden or a trial. You're allergic, too, when you react violently to essential foods like milk, eggs, or wheat; and in that case malnutrition may get you if you don't watch out. For the relief of the victims of allergy — plain or fancy — Helen Morgan has written *You Can't Eat That!*

The first part of her book gives an explanation of the physiological side of the affliction — at least as much as is known, for its real causes remain mysterious. In a brisk journalese that should entertain even an asthmatic with strawberry rash, the author tells how doctors have experimented and puzzled and finally arrived at methods of treatment. Though they haven't yet found a cure for hypersensitivity to certain foods, they have worked out diets that prevent its recurrence. And so the second part of Miss Morgan's book presents recipes designed to make restricted eating enjoyable. Finally there is a useful collection of miscellaneous data about various preparations and food products, including those that may contain forbidden substances lurking under different names. People allergic to fish, for example, had better not lick postage stamps, because glue often is made from fish.

Since about eight million people in this country have allergy in one form or another, *You Can't Eat That!* is something to be talked about.

AMONG all the men who made history in the turbulence and expansion of the West, there was no more romantic figure than John Charles Frémont. Illegitimate son of a Virginia aristocrat who ran off with a debonair Frenchman, he got a helter-skelter early education, followed by intensive training in geography and map-making — disciplines that made him one of our first scientific explorers. By his wits and by a lucky marriage, he got into the army and soon began to make a career for himself. His success story, told by that skilful chronicler, Allan Nevins, quickly changes into a melodrama of vast proportions. For every victory in fighting off

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The Book Forum

Indians or mapping difficult terrain or piling up a million-dollar fortune, Frémont had failures equally spectacular. Some of his campaigning in the Civil War was bitterly criticized. His descent from riches to almost literal rags was almost too catastrophic to be credible.

Extraordinary as a psychological study, Frémont was much more than that. He made a solid contribution, as a geographer, to the science and economic development of this country. In giving us the picture of the man and the times he helped to create, Mr. Nevins writes with color and grace. This book is an enriched version of his earlier biography of his fascinating subject.

A NEW name appears this month on the roll of happy mortals who combine scientific and literary achievement. With a wit and charm that biographers might well envy, Percy E. Raymond has traced, in his *Prehistoric Life,* the evolutionary progress of the animal kingdom through half a billion years.

Just as absorbing as the tales of strange creatures you meet in *Prehistoric Life* is the story of how they are discovered and identified and reconstructed. Professor Raymond tells both extraordinarily well.

M. L. ELTING

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE CONFUSED LIBERAL

To the Editor:

Mr. Burt [Struthers Burt, author of "The Confused Liberal," April FORUM] has got me confused. I don't know whether he is talking about Democracy for the United States, or Democracy for China and Ethiopia. My interest lies wholly in the United States.

I look upon Democracy as a form of government and not as a philosophy of life. I have lived for many years in Europe and Asia. I have friends and acquaintances among all classes of mankind from naked savages that live in trees down to Grand Dukes and Kings. I am indifferent to the form of government under which they live. New York, Chicago and Seattle are no better governed than Paris, Peking, or Rome. I hate the Germans and love the Middle West, but I do not find any more civilization along the Missouri River than along the Rhine. It is my observation that the people of Germany and Japan are better satisfied with their governments than the people of the United States, especially under the New Deal and under Hoover.

Hitler, I think, is a great man, and one of the mightiest rulers that Germany ever had, just as Jesse James was one of America's greatest bandits, and Brigham Young was Utah's greatest Mormon. But if any of them tried their monkey business down in South Carolina, they would have been tarred and feathered or lynched.

I think the American form of government is the best form of government for Americans. But I don't think that it would suit the head hunters of Northern Luzon nor the Moros of the Sulu Sea. Nor do I think it is suitable for the Chinese, the Japanese, the Germans, or the Wops. I would not try to organize the neighborhood cats into a flock like sheep. They say that the Russians have no conception of the rule of the majority. They see no reason why twenty-five per cent of the people should consent to something because the other seventy-five per cent want it. I can understand this. . . .

So it all comes down to the point that some people thrive under one form of government and some under another. I am a fanatic on the idea that we Americans should stop worrying about other people's government and devote ourselves, heart and soul, to the proposition of preserving a Democratic, or rather a Republican, form of government in the United States.

That form of government is threatened, not by the Dictators of Europe, but by the people themselves here at home.

JOHNSON HAGOOD

San Antonio, Texas

SHALL WE SAVE IT AGAIN?

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

The meaning of Lady Astor's concluding paragraphs ["I Hate Fascism," April FORUM] is completely obscure. But I should like to emphasize the fact that Lincoln stated in his Gettysburg address; the fact that preserving individual freedom on earth depends upon preserving America. Furthermore, in the modern world this effort must be political and not military, since personal freedom and human rights vanish when the draft cards are issued. We who remember the first — and, let us pray, the last — war to "save democracy" need no reminder of that fact.

It is all very well to hate Fascism, if one needs the emotional debauchery of hating. The blood boils very easily at sight of Hitler. The worse than bestial atrocities he inflicts upon helpless minorities equal those we inflicted on Indians and Filipinos, and those the English, French, Spanish and Belgians inflicted on Africans. Hitler's aggressions in Central Europe are as atrocious as ours in Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, and Panama; England's in South Africa, Egypt, Greece, Turkey and Arabia; Russia's in Georgia, Azerbaijan, Bokhara, Samarkand, Inner Mongolia and Siberia. By all means, let's hate atrocities and aggressions against individuals and peoples.

But let us keep our minds in control of our emotions. It is blatantly obvious that Hitler is moving against Stalin. It is clear, since Munich, that England declines to man Stalin's defences against Hitler. The barriers set up at Versailles to stop the German drive eastward have been allowed to crumble undefended. This is international power politics; it has nothing to do with political philosophies.

. . . In many quarters it is ardently advocated that Americans fight for Stalin, the Turkish dictator, and the French and British empires, against Hitler, Mussolini and the Mikado, "to save the western democracies."

Before conscription is clapped upon our people and the Bill of Rights suspended for the duration of the war, is it too much to ask that the word "democracy" be precisely defined?

ROSE WILDER LANE

New York, N. Y.

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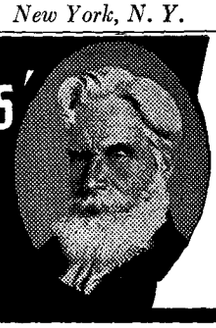

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